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Dakota Dan uttered a yell of triumph, then away he went, reloading his rifle as he galloped along.

## OLD DAN RACKBACK, The Great Extarminator; OR, THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL.

BY OLL COOMES.

Author of "Dakota Dan," "Happy Harry," "Idaho Tom," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS OLD MAN'S SHOT.

DOWN across the plains of Dakota from its source among the Black Hills, wound Beaver Creek, a tributary to the Big Cheyenne river. Like a mere thread of silver it flashed and sparkled in the sunlight as it crept softly on toward the parent stream across the bosom of the great brown ocean of prairie. Now and then its continuity was broken by clumps of cottonwood and pine trees, that were interspersed over the plain and along the valleys like oases in the desert, but, darting through these, it went murmuring silently onward, with the secret of its golden fount buried in its bosom.

To this stream, and at a point upon its shores known as Lone Tree Grove, we call the attention of the readers.

It was a warm, balmy, dreamy October day. Soft and mellow shone the sun's rays through the blue ethereal depths of "Indian Summer." The plain was brown and sear. Autumnal frosts had sapped the life from that great ocean of verdure and robbed it of its emerald hue. The tall, graceful cottonwoods bristled in their nakedness, and their fallen robes rustled ominously at their feet. Only the pines retained a vestige of the summer gone, for they still were green.

The day had been unusually still. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring; not a bird chirped in the little grove of cottonwoods—not even an insect's droning wing broke the foreboding spell of the hour and place. Solitude and silence reigned supreme; but however sacred they may have been, they were soon to be broken in upon by profane and unholy sounds.

The far-off report of a rifle swelled suddenly and sullenly across the plain, and the eye turning in the direction whence it came, would have seen a tiny cloud appear against the misty blue of the northern horizon. It would have discovered that it was a dust cloud rising from the earth, and at the same time the ear would

have heard the sound of human voices rising from out its envining depths. For a while the cloud appeared to hang stationary upon the air, gradually swelling in volume; but a keen eye would soon have discovered that this was due to the fact that the cloud was coming nearer and nearer on a straight line toward the grove—drifting slowly down the wind like a black sail. As it came still closer, it seemed to move faster, leaving a dark, menacing line hanging in the air along its trail; while clearer and more distinct came those excited cries from out its depths.

One unaccustomed to the prairies might have taken it for a whirlwind sweeping down from the north, freighted with the shrieks of storm-spirits; but one more experienced in the freaks of the wind and weather upon the plain, would have known better. In fact, no one would have been left long in doubt, for, out of the cloud, like spirits out of the gloaming, the proportions of fast-moving horsemen gradually unfolded themselves.

There were half a dozen or more of them in one body, while a few hundred yards in advance was one man, alone.

To a casual observer, the cause of the rapid riding would have soon become manifest; the one in advance was an Indian warrior, and in his arms he held the form of a young white girl, whose rescue was no doubt the object of the white men in pursuit. The captive was, to all appearance, lifeless. Her head hung backward over the encircling arm of her captor; her white face was upturned toward the blue sky, and a wealth of golden hair floated on the wind about her head and over the brawny, naked shoulders of the savage. If she was not dead, she had been relieved of all the horrors and agony of captivity by terror throwing the veil of unconsciousness over her mind.

The Indian was a Sioux, and notwithstanding the supposed friendliness of that tribe, he was in war-paint and looked like a fiend incarnate as he came thundering down the plain.

He bestrode a spirited horse whose sides were reeking with foam. He rode bareback and sat the animal as though immovably fixed upon it. His dark eyes glowed with a look of fiendish admiration as he glanced at the sweet, fair face of his helpless captive; then, as the shouts of his pursuers rung forth upon the air, a look of wild fear and determination contracted the muscles of his face, and he urged on his panting beast.

Of the six pursuers, all were white men, and no doubt the friends of the captive maid. The eldest of the party was a man past forty. He led in the pursuit with the rein in one hand and a rifle in the other. His head was bare, and his long, iron-gray hair floating back from the brow, distinctly revealed the profile of an intellectual face. He wore a blue woolen shirt and gray pants. Like his head, his feet were bare. He had evidently stripped himself for the race, as also had his companions. The horse he bestrode was an exact match for the one the savage was upon, and no doubt its mate.

The rest of the party were all young men, in whose faces shone the spirit of adventure. They were well armed, and each held a revolver in his hand, ready for instant use.

The pursuers were fully sixty rods behind the savage, yet appeared to be gaining steadily on him. They were using every exertion to increase the speed of their animals whose flanks were white with foam.

"Spur on, boys! spur on!" shouted Major Loomis, the leader of the pursuers; "we may head the red devil off on the banks of the Beaver, if he don't give us the slip by dodging into the grove. Spur on, boys! My poor child—my Amy must be saved!"

A shout of encouragement answered the father's urgent appeal and the men pressed their animals to their utmost speed.

On, straight toward the creek—leaving the grove a few rods to the left—the savage made his headlong way.

On the very edge of the precipitous bank he drew rein, ran his eyes up and down the stream, then glanced backward at his pursuers, then across the plain on the opposite side of the creek, when a cry of triumph rang from his lips. He was encouraged—incited to this by sight of a band of horsemen sweeping down from the distant hills toward him. Full well he knew they were friends, although they were over a mile and a half away.

Dropping himself to the ground, he turned his animal loose, and clasping the maiden still tighter in his sinewy arms, he sprang down the bank, plunged into the water to his waist and floundered across to the opposite shore, gaining

the bank and the cover of a large cottonwood tree just as the pursuers came up on the other side.

"Dismount, boys, and follow on foot!" cried the half-distracted father, leaping from his animal's back. He saw that the high banks made it totally impossible to cross the stream on horseback.

In a moment every man was dismounted, and giving the horses into the care of two of their number, the others were about to leap down the bank when a man cried out:

"Stay, men! for God's sake, look yonder!" and he pointed across the stream toward the band of approaching horsemen whom all could see were Indians.

"Oh, my child! my poor child!" cried the major, clutching his brow and staggering backward, as if under the force of a terrific blow.

The savage still kept behind the tree on the opposite shore, fully a hundred yards away. The tree was forked and noted for its immense size. All over the territory it was known as the Lone Tree, and the grove near it, as Lone Tree Grove. It was a wide, branching cottonwood, under whose cool, Arabian shadows had doubtless rested, from the excitement and fatigue of the chase, the braves of a dozen generations.

The tree forked within three feet of the ground, the prongs being about eighteen inches apart immediately above the crotch; and as the little band of pursuers stood gazing across the stream in speechless silence—knowing not what course to pursue—they saw the white face of Amy Loomis look toward them through the forks of the tree. She had recovered from her swoon.

Simultaneous with the discovery of her face, they heard the savage utter a yell of mocking triumph, then they saw his painted face lifted just above and back of the maiden's head.

In an instant Major Loomis threw his trusty rifle to his shoulder and drew a bead upon the savage, but before he could fire the cowardly villain covered his head behind that of the maiden, just daring to peer over her shoulder with one eye.

"Shoot! why don't the pale-face shoot?" yelled the bold, taunting devil, in tolerable English.

Major Loomis lowered his rifle. "I dare not," he said, his face as white as a sheet and his hand trembling; "I cannot slay my darling though she were better dead than a captive in that barbarian's power. Hardy, you are a capital shot: try the demon—you can see a portion of his head just above Amy's left shoulder."

"Why not charge upon him, major?" asked

one of the party; "we can get back here before that horde comes within range of us."

"It would be sure death to us, Frank. That fiend is trying to decoy—tempt us over there; and that he would not undertake were he not certain of our destruction. I dare say there are a hundred ambuscaded savages lying in the hollow, just back of the tree. Here, Hardy, try your hand. If you slay her, no blame shall rest upon you. If you kill the savage, maybe she can get behind the bank before the others reach her; then we can cover her retreat."

Hardy took his rifle and examined the priming. He was a youth of twenty, with a keen eye and steady nerve. Finally he faced the Lone Tree and raised the weapon. All could see that he trembled.

"Hold, thar, will ye, jist a holy second." It was a strange voice that spoke and Hardy lowered his rifle.

The party stood within a rod of the outskirts of Lone Tree Grove, from whence the voice had come, and as all turned toward it they saw a little clump of bushes slightly parted and the face of an old man—the most quaint, odd and comical-looking face imaginable—peering through upon them. Our friends were completely astonished at sight of it, and the first impulse was to laugh, but the significant shake of a long, bony finger enjoined silence upon all as effectually as though they had been stricken speechless.

"Step this way, will ye, major?" again said the old man, crooking his finger, and motioning Loomis toward him, with rapid movements of the hand.

Loomis cautiously approached him, at the same time demanding:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I'm an ole subject of anatomy, what takes to shootin' Ingins jist as nateral as water runs down hill; and, stranger, seein' that gal, be she your darter or not, is in an excruciatin' deeficility, s'pose you allow me to administer to that red-skin. I can see the blaze of the devil's eye jist above her shoulder, and I think I can spile that optic if any man this side of creation can."

Major Loomis glanced at the slender form of the old man, in whose movements there seemed the falter of age, and in whose hand there was a perceptible tremor. His eyes, also, seemed dimmed by the use of time, and altogether there was nothing in the looks of the aged specimen of humanity to warrant the escape of the captive alive, should her father allow him a shot at the red-skin. His rifle was also one of the oldest pattern, the stock extending full length of the long barrel. Just in front of the guards the stock was worn nearly in two by long usage.

"I want to rescue my child, not slay her," said Loomis, in a rather negative tone.

"Then I'll try the red-skin a whet, stranger. The crack of my rifle will announce his arrival at the gates of purgatory," and the old borderman raised his rifle, and leveled it at the little patch of the red-skin's face, just visible above the captive's shoulder.

For fully half a minute he held the weapon at an aim. Loomis held his breath, for he saw that the rifle trembled. He was afraid to speak, for fear of disturbing the man at the wrong instant. To his surprise, however, the old man lowered the piece without firing. He shut his eyes tightly and kept them closed for several moments. Meanwhile, he worked his fingers first upon one hand then the other, as if to relieve them of a cramp.

"I'm a leetle shaky, stranger, to what I used to was," he said. "My eyes don't reach out, either, as well as they did once; but the fact of it is, age is doin' the work for me. The day was when I axed no odds of any one, and, in fact, I have yit to find my equal."

As he concluded, he again raised his rifle and leveled it upon the savage. Loomis saw that the long barrel was immovable. He saw it spit forth its deadly contents. He heard a death-yell, and, turning, saw that both the face of Amy and her captor had disappeared from the fork of the cottonwood. Beyond the tree a few feet he saw a red hand—the hand of the savage—beating the earth in the throes of death.

Out in the grove the shrill whinney of a horse, and the deep bark of a dog were heard to follow the clear ring of the old man's rifle.

Major Loomis uttered a cry of agony, and regardless of the consequence, he ran to the bank, sprang down the steep heights, and crossing the water, soon gained the opposite shore. A few steps carried him to where the savage and Amy lay upon the earth, the former dead—shot through the eye by the unerring rifle of the mysterious old borderman, the latter in a swoon.

The major took in the whole situation at a single glance, and, with a cry of thanks, he lifted the form of his child in his arms and made good his escape back to his friends, who hailed him with shouts of joy.

Although it has required some time for us to record the facts, all the events that transpired after the pursuers reached the creek up to the time of Amy's rescue, followed each other in such rapid succession that scarcely three minutes were occupied in the transaction of the whole. But by this time the savages approaching over the plain were within fifty rods of the creek, which fact admonished the whites of the necessity of a hasty retreat. So not a moment was lost in mounting, and putting their half-jaded animals in motion.

But, just as they started, Major Loomis happened to think of the old borderman, to whom the rescue of his daughter was doubtless owing, and whom, in the excitement of the moment, he had nearly forgotten. He stopped and turn-



ed toward the thicket, but the old man was not to be seen.

"Stranger, where are you?" called the major, but there was no response; and as there was not a moment to be lost, Loomis turned and rode rapidly away after his friends, with Amy in his arms.

A wild, savage yell behind, suddenly told them that the dead warrior had been found, and filled with renewed fears, the white men pressed their animals to their utmost speed.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE OUTLAWS AND THE VAGRANT.

Down from the direction of the Black Hills, at a wild, breakneck speed, galloped three horsemen, whose faces wore the flush and excitement of dangerous adventure. That it was a trio of reckless, daring fellows was evident from more than one fact. They were dressed in a peculiar kind of a uniform, highly ornamented with gold lace and trimmings. Two of them wore their hair shaven close to the scalp, while broad-brimmed hats surmounted their heads. The third man, and evidently the leader of the gang, wore his hair long as a woman's. He was a model of perfect manhood in form, but his features were a look of sensuality and dissipation. His eyes were of a dark gray color, cold and fierce in expression. A heavy black mustache shaded his mouth, and this, with the long goatee that hung to his breast, gave him a fierce, piratical look. His hat was looped at one side and fastened with a blazing star of gold. A belt with a heavy gold buckle girded his waist. Silver-mounted revolver-butts peeped from their receptacles on his hips. In fact, there was a mine of gold distributed about the men and their outfit, which, of itself, was evidence of that vulgar pride so characteristic of the gambler and brigand.

The leader of this little band was known as Prairie Paul, the Pirate of the Gold Hills. Just what this appellation implied, only those who dwelt within reach of the prairie pirate could fully know. He was just from his hidden home among the fastnesses of the Black Hills, and straight toward a little clump of trees on the banks of the Beaver he held his way.

To reach the creek required but a few minutes' riding; then they turned, and entering the grove, rode into a little opening and drew rein.

Prairie Paul gazed around him as though he expected to find some one there; but being disappointed in this, he dismounted and burst into a stormy passion.

"Not an infernal red-skin or white-skin here yet, and we are an hour late. This is how that accursed White Bear has kept his word with me, and, by heavens, he shall make amends for it with his life blood!"

"Perhaps our not being on time, captain," said one of his companions, "accounts for the white chief's absence? He may have come and gone again."

"We're but an hour late."

"I know, captain; but a red-skin is a great stickler for such things—always punctual."

"Blasphemy! a red-skin that is so particular. I hate such dramatic precision in any man. Why, even the inexorable law of our land is less stringent. If we were to have been here at precisely one o'clock to attend a tribunal of justice, it would have been one o'clock until it were two."

"Well, we can wait awhile, and see what turns up. Perhaps White Bear is late as well as we are, and will yet put in an appearance?"

With a muttered oath, the captain threw himself upon the ground, and hitched his animal to a tree. His two companions followed his example; then the three threw themselves upon the sward beneath the shadows of a majestic tree.

"I am afraid something has gone wrong with White Bear," said Captain Paul, "else he would have been here ere this."

"Perhaps he failed in carrying out his plans for the capture of the hunter's daughter. Her friends may have given him a reception that materially changed his programme. I'll bet you that old Major Loomis is no numb-skull on the prairie if he roused all through the Pike's Peak campaign, as our spy informed us that he did."

"If a dozen hunters can whip a hundred well-armed red-skins, I think the latter had better exchange their weapons for their wives' petticoats, and let the women take the warfare."

"Well, but you know, my dear Paul, that sometimes a very small number can whip quite a force. For instance, take that Niobrara affair in which a dozen men knocked the trotters from under more than a cool hundred red-skins and—prairie regulators."

"Curse that affair!" exclaimed the outlaw chief, starting as though pierced by a dagger; "haven't I told you never to mention that again!"

"Of course, but then it comes so handy by way of illustration, that, to save me, I couldn't help touching upon the matter. You're so sensitive, captain. You had ought to have been a woman."

"Tom, you like to twist me about my meanness," replied the captain, "but, man, I'd give a quart of precious dust to see a more wicked, heartless scoundrel on the face of the globe than your honorable self—*you*, Tom Jackson."

"After all, captain, what has either of us done so terribly criminal?"

"Ah! drawing in your horn, now, ain't you?" laughed the captain. "Of course, you've never done anything wrong, you sweet-scented angel. Oh, no! I reckon you don't know you are trespassing this minute on the Sioux reservation—running a gold mine of your own in the very heart of the forbidden ground? I reckon you don't know you are preparing yourself for the gallows by inciting peaceably inclined red-skins to deeds of—"

"Captain, who's doing all this talkin'? Moreover, who's digging all this gold? doing all this trespassing—all this devilry in general?"

"Well, joking aside," said the captain, calmly, "we haven't done any direct meanness for some time, unless keeping on the good side of the red-skins might be considered naughty. It's true, we used to relieve the Pike's Peakerties of some of their surplus pickings, and now and then a horse; but that confounded Union Pacific railway busted our cruising along the overland and sent us herewards. And, I must say, it has been a good thing for us, after all; for, by means of it, we tumbled across those rich pickings up among the Black Hills."

"Yes, besides it has kept us out of bloody mischief," replied Jackson; "but I'm of the candid opinion that we'll have to fight like turkeys if we hold the Black Hills gold secret much longer. If it is true that a scientific exploring party, under General Custer, is coming into the hills, it will be impossible for them to miss our rancho. Of course, they can't help but find gold, and then the news will bring a horde of miners swarming in upon us, and then 'good-by, gold-pickings.'"

"But the government will not allow miners to enter the Indian reservation, don't you see?"

In case a few of them should come in, we could spur the Indians up to drive them out."

"It will be an easy matter for the government to effect a treaty that will open the hills to the world," the pirate chieftain responded. "I'll bet the train we are now figuring after is that of a private exploring party, headed for the interior of the hills. Of course, we are not going to molest them, nor provoke the Indians to anything that would bring a military chastisement upon them, for fear we might jeopardize our own precious heads."

"You're a philosopher, captain, a sage philosopher, and look at thing in a natural, philosophical way; and now, I—"

He did not finish the sentence, which was here cut short by a sudden movement of their animals, denoting alarm.

All bent their heads and listened. They heard the heavy tramp of hooved feet approaching. They started to their feet and gazed about them. The sorriest, saddest-looking spectacle imaginable burst upon their view. It was an old man, with a bent form, a thin, bearded face, a sharp, eagle-shaped nose, and a wide mouth—the whole forming a combination of the most ludicrous and comical kind. He was dressed in a suit half savage and half civilized, and carried an old, long-barreled rifle, whose stock was wrapped and tied with strings, evidently to keep it from parting company with its ancient friend, the barrel. He carried no other weapons, excepting a knife, that were visible upon his person.

This odd specimen of humanity was mounted upon a horse apparently more venerable and infirm than himself. It was caparisoned with a rope around the neck for a bridle, and an old Indian blanket for a saddle. It was lame in one fore-leg, and halt in the two hind ones. It was apparently deaf and blind, and so old and infirm that it had lost all its animal instinct. It hobbled along, at times on three legs, with no little difficulty. And, to complete the outfit, a villainous-looking dog sneaked along, with head and tail down, at the horse's heels, looking as guilty as though he had just quitted a sheepfold.

To their surprise, the outlaws saw that the old trio was about to pass without seeing them, and so Prairie Paul called out:

"Hullo, there! whither away, my gay cavalier?"

The old man started quickly, and opening his half-closed eyes, gazed around him. The look upon his face, and the movements that accompanied it, provoked the freebooters into an outburst of laughter.

"Whoa, now!" exclaimed the old man, drawing sharply on the rope as he caught sight of the three men.

The horse came to a dead halt, and the wolfish cur at his heels crouched sulkily down, watching the outlaws suspiciously out of the corners of his bloodshot eyes.

"How do you do, old pilgrim?" shouted Prairie Paul, with a half-suppressed smile upon his lips.

"Hey!" asked the old man, leaning slightly forward and making an ear-trumpet of his hand.

"How are you, I say?" vociferated Prairie Paul, at the top of his brazen lungs.

"A leetle louder, please," was the startling response; "naught sold last night and my hearin's a leetle thick."

"I should think so," said Paul, in an undertone, then advancing to the old man's side, he fairly screamed in his ear, "A fine day this."

"Oh, yes—yes!" stammered the old fellow, "she's a good ole mare—a little thin just now; and then everybody don't call her a fine bay. Some say brown, some chestnut. She is a fine bay, though."

The outlaw captain swore furiously, while his two companions roared with laughter.

"This is the most hopeless case I ever run across," exclaimed Prairie Paul. "I'll make one more desperate effort. Who are you, old man?"

"Ben Franklin Adder's my name," replied the man, with a look that implied some doubt as to whether he had heard the question aright.

"Ben Franklin Adder?" repeated the outlaw chief, musingly; "an appropriate name, I should think, for I have always heard that adders were deaf. But, to the old traveler, 'are you a hunter? or a scout? or what?'"

"Yes, oh, yes; I'm traveling up north to Iowa."

"Up north to Iowa? I'll be hanged if that doesn't beat anything I ever heard for lamentable ignorance! I'm inclined to think, boys, that B. F. Adder's brain, as well as his hearing, is affected. Look at that horse, and that crazy-looking cur, and that old rifle held together with strings. Isn't that an outfit for the plains of Dakota? Great Gehobosh! It would be a splendid subject for the artist of a comic almanac. See here, old pilgrim, Iowa is south-east of here, not north."

"Yes—yes," stammered Adder, "my nag's awful tired and fretful, and wusser than all, she's lame into one leg as a crow."

"The old vagrant!" blustered Captain Paul; "the case is a hopeless one, and I'll be cursed if I am going to split my lungs trying to converse with him."

The three outlaws turned aside and sat down again.

Ben Franklin Adder, seeing their movement, at once dismounted, and giving his mare the freedom of the reins, turned and sat down also. The animal hobbled away a few paces and began browsing among the shrubbery, while the dog, crouching near, slept complacently with one eye open.

"Are you a hunter, old man?" one of the outlaws again ventured to ask, placing his lips near the man's ears.

"Me? oh, no; I've been out to Platte river on a visit to my son, Tom Jefferson Adder. Tom's a big stock man out there, and a mighty smart boy, is that very Tom?"

"Takes after his father, I presume," yelled Prairie Paul.

The old man acknowledged the compliment with a bow of the head and a smile of thanks.

"He thinks you meant just what you said," remarked Jackson, in an undertone.

"Any news from out on the Platte?" roared Paul.

"Oh, yes, certainly; Tom Jefferson—that's my son—got one of the finest bulls in America to-day. He calls him the Duke of Coronation. He's imported, is that bull—brought from Texas. Lordy, but you'd ort to see him; he's so slick a fly'd scoot right off his back. It's a fact; I see'd a bushel of dead flies and musketeers laying on the ground whar 'Slick-sides,' as I called the bull, had stood. They'd sit on him and slid off and broke their necks. Oh, Moses! you'd ort to ride over to Tom Jefferson's some day and see that bull, stranger. And then he's some fine horse-critters, too, that are reguler squackers. Tom's a great feller for fine stock."

"Just like his venerable sire, again," said Paul to his comrades, at the same time pointing in a significant manner at the old mare and sneaking cur.

"The old fellow had better be in the lunatic asylum than wandering around here on the plains of Dakota in such a plight," said one of the outlaws, sympathetically.

Further words were here cut short by the dog starting up, with a loud bark.

The old man sprung to his feet and turning upon the dog exclaimed, savagely:

"Git down thar, Beamer! keep still, thar; do you want to tear something up, ye voracious critter?"

The outlaws roared with laughter at the ludicrous figure cut by the decrepit old man and his dog; but the next moment their attention was drawn aside by sight of a number of mounted Indians coming into the grove from the east, directly toward them.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE GREAT "EXTARMINATOR."

The old tramp, Ben Franklin Adder, was, for the time being, forgotten by the three outlaws, who directed their attention to the newcomers.

The savages, of whom there were six under a young chief called Fast-foot, rode up and at once dismounted, which act was proof of itself that they were there to meet Prairie Paul by appointment.

As the last of the party rode up a look of bitter disappointment overspread the face of the outlaw captain. This, however, soon gave way to anger and indignation, and approaching Fast-foot he demanded—speaking the Indian's dialect:

"Where is the white chief, White Bear?"

"He is far away from here," replied the young chief.

"Why has he not kept his appointment and met me here?"

"His luck has been bad. He promised to meet the pale-face captain here with the white lily that blooms in the camp of the hunters now crossing the plains in white-topped lodges that move on wheels."

"Well!" demanded the freebooter, impatiently.

"He attacked the train. He sent Cuning Fox into the emigrants' lodges," continued the chief. "The Fox stole one of their horses, and then the white maiden. On the horse he fled with his prize; but the friends of the maidens pursued him, and at the Lone Tree Grove he abandoned his horse and waded the creek. Behind the Lone Tree he concealed himself to wait the approach of White Bear, who was coming down the plain. But before he reached the creek Cuning Fox was killed, and the white lily was carried back by her friends. In the pursuit White Bear's horse fell and hurt him badly. He cannot ride. He waits the orders of the young captain. He will yet keep his promise. He wants the young captain to make new appointments."

Prairie Paul stroked his mustache fiercely. The cloud upon his face grew darker. He muttered a savage oath; then for a minute or more he paced to and fro beneath the trees, his eyes bent to the ground in deepest thought. Finally he turned to the chief and asked:

"Can I not see White Bear?"

"You cannot. He is wounded, and at a place where the presence of the white captain would arouse suspicion. If the Sioux get their annuities, they must keep on good terms with the Great Father at Washington."

Again was the prairie freebooter silent. It was evident from this conversation that a portion of the Sioux tribe was carrying on a series of depredations, in connection with the outlaws, which they wished to keep secret from the main authorities of their tribe, as well as from the agents of the general government.

Outlaws of civilized society have no trouble in finding plenty of followers among the savages, and the two elements of outlawry together generally manage to keep the Indians in trouble with the government.

"Have you heard," Fast-foot finally continued, "that the great general of the pale-faces, with many mounted soldiers, is coming into the reservation?"

"I have heard rumors to that effect," replied the captain, "but will the young men of the Sioux tribes allow them to escape alive with the secret of the hidden wealth of the Black Hills? Will they let a handful of soldiers go away with the news that will bring thousands and thousands of miners in to drive you from your hunting-grounds?"

"What else can they do?" asked the chief, seriously.

"Ah, Fast-foot! you can prevent it; you can destroy them all if you will. You know all the hiding-places among the hills, and the rocks. You could conceal yourself there and as the soldiers pass shoot them down with your long-range rifles. Then their fine horses and equipments would be yours."

Fast-foot was silent and thoughtful. It was quite evident that he was favorable to the outlaw's suggestions, and was weighing the matter in his mind. Prairie Paul knew the weak points of the savages, and usually attacked them there in such a manner as was sure to carry the day. He was a systematical rogue, deep and cunning enough to keep the "pot boiling" in the Indian camp all the time, and yet escape identity as the general "fireman."

Meanwhile, the rest of the savages and the two outlaws had turned their attention to Ben Franklin Adder. Urged on by the whites, the red-skins became rather demonstrative toward the old borderman and his animals. The mare and dog, however, were inclined to be a little cross and resentful, former sending out a hoel now and then in a very wicked manner, while the latter growled a savage threat. But the simple-minded old man accepted all as would flattering compliments.

Prairie Paul finally sat down and taking a memorandum-book from his pocket tore out a leaf, upon one side of which he sketched, with a pencil, a miniature map. On the other side he wrote in cipher an explanation to the map. When it was completed he folded it carefully, and, handing it to Fast-foot, said:

"Here, chief, is a document which I want you to give to White Bear. He alone can read it. Guard it with your life, Fast-foot, for it is the key to the Gold Hill's secret and our future success."

"Fast-foot will not forget," replied the young chief, and removing his moccasins he placed the paper carefully away inside of it, then replaced the covering on his foot. "Ugh!" he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction, "safe there—nobody find him now." Then turning to his warriors he continued: "Fast-foot is mounted upon a fleet horse, and will depart at once for the lodge of White Bear. My braves can follow at will."

So saying, he advanced to where his pony was hitched, and mounting it he rode rapidly away—out of the grove and across the plain.

For a moment all eyes followed the young chief's rapid departure, but, when he had disappeared from view, attention naturally gravitated toward Ben Franklin Adder. To the surprise of all, the old vagrant had mounted his mare and was about to depart.

"Hullo there, old philosopher! are you going to leave us?" yelled the outlaw chief.

"Yes—yes—going," said the old fellow, and his mare started off at a limp, and the dog took his place at her heels.

"Hold on a moment; don't tear yourself off like a hurricane!" said the pirate.

The Indians started toward the old man, but he straightened himself up and uttered a clear, ringing laugh that fairly astonished the enemy. It even seemed to have a magical effect upon his animals. The mare raised her head, opened her eyes and sniffed the air as if with affright; while the dog pricked up his ears and barked and capered around uneasily.

"Captain," said Tom Jackson, in a quick voice, "that old vagrant has been deceiving us. He is not the fool he pretends to be."

"I believe it, Tom," replied Prairie Paul; then to the old man he continued, drawing his revolver: "Hold! stand! or I'll fire."

"Se—at, Patience!" yelled the old borderman, and that instant the lameness of the mare vanished, and like a dart she shot away through the woods.

Ben! went the outlaw's revolver, and it was immediately followed by the clash of a dozen other shots. But the old man escaped them all unharmed.

"To horse, men! we've been duped!" cried Prairie Paul, vaulting into the saddle.

The next moment all were mounted and thundering away in pursuit of the cunning old vagabond. They emerged from the woods to find the fugitive some sixty rods away, and with a yell they lashed their animals to their utmost speed.

The race became one of fearful interest, especially to the pursuers, for they found, after a mile chase, that they were not gaining a foot upon the fugitive, who, ever and anon, turned his head and swinging his cap in the air, hurled back yells of defiance. And at length he came to sudden, dead halt, and facing toward the pursuers raised his rifle and fired. Prairie Paul's horse sunk dead under him, and his friends, believing he was killed himself, drew rein and went back.

The old man on the prairie uttered a yell of triumph, then away he went, reloading his rifle as he galloped along.

Tom Jackson dismounted and gave his horse to the infuriated captain, who, mounting, dug his roweled heels into the animal's sides, and again started in wild pursuit of the enemy. But, no sooner were they all fairly under way, than the fugitive again whirled his animal toward the foe, and, raising his rifle, fired. Again Prairie Paul's horse sunk dead under him, and again the chase was interrupted. The outlaw's fury knew no bounds. He cursed with impotent rage; he cursed himself, his companions and the author of his rage. The second outlaw dismounted and gave up his horse to his master, when the chase was again resumed.

The fugitive soon put a safe distance between himself and pursuers, when, for the third time, he drew rein, faced about and fired at the foe. This time a savage uttered a frightful scream and reeling upon his horse finally rolled lifeless to the ground; while the pony, maddened by the scent of the blood, that spurted from the bullet-hole in his master's naked breast upon his withers, dashed away over the plain.

The savages all drew rein to assist their fallen friend; but Prairie Paul cared nothing for the savage, and pressed on in hot pursuit, never once thinking that he might be placing himself at the old borderman's mercy. Vengeance alone filled his wrathful breast.

Before he could get his rifle reloaded and fairly under way, the fugitive found that the outlaw-chief was within fifty yards of him. But, speaking to his mare, she shot away and soon widened the distance between them.

Prairie Paul drew his revolver and banged away in rapid succession at the old fellow, but without visible effect.

The Indians and two outlaws were now far behind—even hidden from view behind a swell in the plain. Prairie Paul was the only one pursuing, and not until he saw the old man draw rein and turn toward him with uplifted rifle, did he comprehend the foolhardiness of his efforts. To make the best of a bad situation, he checked his animal and dropped himself in the tall grass at its feet. But, at the same instant, the old man's rifle rung out, and his horse fell dead at his side.

Something akin to fear now seized upon the outlaw. Quickly he sprung to his feet, expecting to see the deadly, terrible old enemy come charging back upon him; but he was happily disappointed, and his fears assumed a different coloring when he discovered the enemy calmly seated astride his mare reloading his rifle with a *song froid* that was audacious. They were not over fifty yards apart, and Prairie Paul would have given his right hand for one shot at the old trickster with his own trusty rifle. But alas! he had left his rifle behind, and every chamber of his revolver was empty. He was completely at the man's mercy. Judge of his terrible fury when he heard the provoking old sinner shout forth in clear, ringing tones:

"Good shootin' that, we'n't it, captin? I ain't as deaf as I war, am I? I ain't a fool, by a long shot, be it! And Patience, my mare here, and Humility, my dog thar, are not so slouchy arter the sound facts are known, are they? Ho! ho! ho! captin; do you know what you've been foolishin' with? Do you know you've got yourself into an excooshatin' d'efilectin'! Do you know you're in the vicinity of an yartquake!—a tornado!—a cholera plague! I are ole Dan Rackback, I are. But take 'em, and Patience, my mare here, and Humility, my dog thar, and then, captin, you have ole Dakota Dan, the great Triangle—the great red-skin extarminator of the Nor-west! We've just come up, fresh as a Johnny-jump-up, from New Mexico. But now, we're off for the Gold Hills a-boomin'; so by-by, captin," and turning his animal's head northward, old Dakota Dan galloped away over the plain in the direction taken by the young chief, Fast-foot, leaving the outlaw chief standing alone on the prairie, cursing with impotent rage.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE VULTURE'S QUEST.

For several moments Prairie Paul stood motionless upon the plain, his terrible feeling of vengeance seeking expression in words alone, as he watched the author of his troubles galloping away. He was perfectly helpless now, and completely at the mercy of the old man, though the latter seemed to have no designs upon his life, but kept straight on northward, and soon disappeared behind a swell in the great ocean of grass.

The savages on horseback, and the two outlaws on foot, finally made their appearance in the distance, moving slowly. They had the dead savage in charge, consequently were unable to move faster than a walk. As soon as they saw Prairie Paul standing alone on the grassy waste, they knew he had met with another difficulty, and so the two outlaws hurried forward and joined him.

"What now, captain?" asked one of the men, as they approached within speaking distance.

"Why, my brave Spartans, we're a trio of fools—blind idiots, that's what's the matter," was the savage response of the ill-humored freebooter.

"Not so bad as that, I hope."

"Yes, if any difference, worse; we've been blubbering like a pack of fools around one whom we took for a wandering lunatic, when, come to find out, we're the lunatics. That old wretch is one of the most noted and daring scouts and rangers on the western plains. That very Benjamin Franklin Adder is old Dakota Dan, and you know who and what that man is."

"By hearsay, I do; but you must be mistaken, cap. Old Dakota Dan left the north some four or five years ago."

"Well, s'pose he didn't come back again after he'd killed all the fools in Texas and New Mexico? And didn't he have the audacity to set out yonder on that old crow-bait of a flying-shuttle and tell me that he was just up from New Mexico like a spring rose-bud?"

"Hounds of fury!" exclaimed Jackson, in astonishment.

"Yes, you see it's the truth—we're the fools," continued Paul. "All that deafness; all that coyness about his son's fine stock so elaborately polished off, until I could see that each of you had a blooded horse in your mind's eye; and I dare say, those strings on that old, unerring rifle, were all salt to catch us with. And magnificent sheepheads that we were, we played right into his hand. Of course, the conversation that occurred between us and Fast-foot will be heralded to the ears of the military, and then, good-by Gold Hills! The chances are that Doc Prince, and his party, have fallen into that old scavenger's clutches, else they'd been around before this."

"Well, I'm completely astonished," averred Jackson.

"Yes, and you'll be more astonished before we get through with that old prairie vagrant. Now, here we are, three pretty birds in full plumage, strutting around out here twenty miles from no place, with our wings clipped, as it were, and smarting under the blow dealt us by that infernal outfit of deception—Dakota Dan."

"You should feel thankful, captain, that he did not put a bullet through your corporeity."

"That he did not is the surprise of the day, for I was completely at his mercy. But I presume he wants to use me for a fool again, I was so cheap this time. But hereafter, count me poison on prairie vagrants."

Tom Jackson and his companion laughed heartily at their captain's savage discomfiture. Finally one of them asked:

"Well, this won't pay; what shall we do?"

"Plodgynly back to the hills, like festive pilgrims," said Paul, sarcastically. "Shades of Solomon! won't the boys just burst their boots a-laughing when they see us come marching in to camp, afoot? But if the pill is bitter, we've got to swallow it down; so come—let's be ambling away, my gay cavaliers."

So saying, the three men began their slow march across the plain, going in the direction taken by Dakota Dan. A walk of many weary miles was before them and as they moved along they discussed the events of the day, in bitter tones.

They had journeyed half a dozen miles or more when the restless, roving eyes of Tom Jackson caught sight of a number of dark objects away off northward above the horizon. They were buzzards, and to the experienced plainmen—as were the outlaws—there was a significance in the presence of the birds not to be overlooked. The three men knew that something on the plain beneath the birds attracted their attention.

"They're not flying straight, you see," said Paul, "but are rising and falling in spiral circles. Now, there is either some carrion there on the prairie, or else they are hovering along, vulture-like, upon the trail of a band of Indians or whites. If the former, it may be White Bear's band. But if the latter, it may be a party of soldiers, and the birds are following in hopes of feasting on dead horse or—"

"If they'll just flap their somber wings down this way, they'll find the carcasses of some very fine horses already prepared," observed Jackson, facetiously.

Prairie Paul's brow darkened and he growled savagely under his mustache at this reminder of his loss.

The three moved carefully forward, keeping as much as possible in the lowlands, and watching closely the movements of the vultures in the air. And as they continued on they found that the birds maintained a single position over the plain.

Their winged scavengers had appeared in the air, miles behind the outlaws, but these they knew had been attracted there by the carcasses of their slain horses, and so they experienced no uneasiness from that source. But they were considerably puzzled over the cause of the attraction of the birds before them, and pressed onward with extreme caution.



## Nick o' the Night: OR, THE BOY SPY OF '76. A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

It was morning when Hugh Latimer recovered from the effects of the opiate, and left his couch. His sleep had been disturbed by weird dreams, and his face looked pale and haggard. The events of the night just passed—the capture of Colonel Holly, and the branding of Helen as a traitress—did not recur to him when he opened his eyes and began to collect his thoughts.

His first act was the summoning of a colored servant to his room.

"Has the colonel risen yet?" The eyes of the black suddenly distended, and filled with a ludicrous look of incredulity. "De cunnel, massa! Why, hab you forgotten dat de Swamp Fox done took 'im away last night?"

The next moment Hugh Latimer's mind was itself again, and with an exclamation of chagrin he waved the slave aside and was alone once more.

"Yes, yes!" he hissed, clenching his hands till the nails bruised the whitened palms. "That accursed Marion did ride down here last night, and rob me of my guests. He always comes like a thief in the night, for he never fights like a Christian and gentleman. To-night we were to have fallen on him in his lair; but the game is up now. What will they say of this disaster at Dorchester?" The Tory asked himself, after a brief pause. "I promised King that Colonel Holly should deliver the Swamp Fox into his hands. They may think that I am a rebel, sailing under false colors. I must go in person to the fort, and clear my skirts of suspicion. To some case may look dark against me, but I swear that King George can boast of no adherent more loyal to his crown than Hugh Latimer!"

He uttered a truth that none who knew him dared to question.

After awhile he left his chamber and hastened to the eastern wing of the mansion where his knuckles rattled lightly, but with a sign of impatience, on a door.

Presently he heard a step beyond the portal, the knob of which was soon turned.

"It is you, sister?" "No, it is I," answered the Tory. "Helen, are you dressed?"

He was answered by the opening of the door, and he stood face to face with Helen, whose fair cheeks were paler than usual.

She retreated involuntarily from the look he cast upon her, as he stepped across the threshold, and shut the door with an angry sweep of the hand.

"I want to talk with you!" he said, and as the last word dropped from his lips he seized her arm and drew her toward him. "Helen Latimer, you have disgraced the man who has provided a shelter for your head since the days of your babyhood. You have played the role of a spy beneath the roof of Azalea; you have furnished the rebel brigades with valuable information, and last night your double dealing culminated in a new disgrace to the royal cause. I ought to turn you over to the tender mercies of Colonel Balfour, or, Brutus-like, make my slaves punish you as you deserve in my presence. I curse the day that brought you into the world, spy, traitress, despoiler of the name of Latimer!"

His eyes flashed like the orbs of the mad-dened tiger, and while the hot epithets of his last sentence fell from his lips, he shook the young girl till her teeth chattered, like those of an ague-stricken person.

"Last night!" Helen Latimer cried, when she found that she could use her tongue. "What did I do to bring about the surprise of Colonel Holly?"

"What did you not do, you spying girl?" cried the Tory. "You communicated with that young imp of Satan, Nick o' the Night; you told him that Holly and his men were here!"

"I dare you to the proof!" Helen answered, with an air of triumph. "I did not communicate with him on the subject. He discovered the game by the assistance of one Hugh Latimer."

The Tory started, and his grip tightened on the girl's arm.

"No lies, girl!" he cried, threateningly. "You shall have none," was the firm reply. "Night before last you rode from Dorchester with Captain Clayton. While in the avenue of oaks you talked about Colonel Holly's expedition. You were overheard."

"By whom?" he asked, with a sneer. "By Nick o' the Night!"

The next instant Helen's arm was released. "Was that spying boy so near?"

"He might have touched you with his sword."

"How did you learn this?" She hesitated, and her eyes, beneath his accusing look, fell to the floor.

"Tell me!" he cried, springing forward, "who told you all this?"

She looked up, with a proud light in her eyes that made him angrier than ever. "The boy himself."

"Nick o' the Night?" "Yes."

"When?" "Last night."

"Where?" "Sir, I am not obliged to answer inquiries I deem impertinent," she replied.

"Sir, to me!" hissed the Tory, maddened beyond control. "Sir, to your father, whose English heart is wrung by your dastardly betrayal of the cause of his king! Helen Latimer, I could fling you against your wall and crush out your rebellious life. But I will put an end to the rebellious plans that have been matured beneath my roof. The day of your treason has drawn to a close. I have put up with it until driven to the verge of the precipice of ruin; I must turn and strike it down to save the honored name of Latimer. I command you not to stir from this house to-day. My men will watch you—my men whom your beauty and your gold cannot bribe. Helen Latimer, I wish you slept with your mother, whose grave is unmarked because it is unknown!"

The last words fell from his white lips with the sound of water dropping on red-hot steel, and his countenance was the incarnation of hate and madness.

Still it did not prevent the fair young object of his dislike from springing toward him as he turned on his heel, before the echoes of his final word had died in the room.

"My mother!" she cried; "tell me about my mother!" Hugh Latimer, until this day I have never heard you speak of her. I have dreamed of her, and while I dreamed I felt gentle

fingers in my hair, and kisses on my forehead. I have longed to know of her. Tell me how old I was when Heaven robbed me of her love!"

"Her love!" hissed Hugh Latimer, turning suddenly upon the girl, who confronted him with outstretched arms. "Your mother never loved you. Helen Latimer, to the day of her death she hated you."

The young girl groaned. "I will not believe you!" she cried. "You are torturing my heart with falsehood. But enough. If you will not tell me about her who gave me birth, you will not refuse to tell me if I ever had a brother?"

The Tory started like a man suddenly accused of a crime which had in secret been committed.

"Who told you to ask these questions?" he cried. "If you had a brother, what is it to you?"

"The satisfaction of knowing it. I now know that I had a brother."

"You had?" exclaimed the Tory; "but he is as dead as Chelsea!" and with the last word he turned for the second time and shut the door in her face.

"Nick's dream is more than a dream," Helen said before Hugh Latimer's feet had ceased to sound in the corridor. "I had a brother once; but he says that he is dead. Shall I believe him? He hated my mother! why, then, would he not lie about my brother?"

She walked to the couch from which she had lately risen, and threw herself upon it to brood in silence and with hidden face over the events of the last few moments.

As for the Tory, he went below, swallowed a hasty breakfast, and rode from Azalea unattended.

About noon he returned, and ordered the ebony hostler to saddle two horses.

"Put Helen's saddle on Chestnut," he said, then resigned his own steel into the servant's charge and entered the mansion.

Despite the Tory's efforts to remain composed, his nervousness betrayed him.

He directed his steps to Helen's boudoir, the door of which he opened without ceremony, and found the young girl embroidering at the window.

"Helen Latimer!" She started at the sound of his voice, and the needle-work almost dropped from her hand.

"You are going to take a ride with me," he continued. "Ask no questions now, for I will not answer you; but put on your riding-habit, and be at the block as soon as possible."

Then he disappeared, leaving the girl in a state of bewilderment, in which she confusedly tried to guess the destination of her coming journey.

With her mind full of conjectures, she donned a neat and somewhat costly riding-habit, and met Hugh Latimer at the mounting-block at the edge of the porch below.

He greeted her with a smile that praised her dispatch, and without a word assisted her into the silken saddle on the back of Chestnut, her favorite horse.

"Where is your mistress, Bertha?" she asked a servant, who was looking on with wondering eyes.

"We cannot wait," the Tory said, tartly. "You will come back by and by, and then you will see Bertha often."

A moment later Hugh Latimer spoke to his horse, and rode from the mansion with Helen by his side.

He was morose and thoughtful, and the girl, fearful of causing an outburst of passion, did not speak. She felt that the present strange journey had resulted from the Tory's morning ride, and when they crossed a certain murmuring tributary of the Ashley, she began to believe that Fort Dorchester was her destination.

At last, as if to confirm her belief, the British flag greeted her vision, and half an hour later she entered at the Sally-port, and found herself observed and admired by the soldiers that comprised the garrison.

During the ride from Azalea she had not exchanged a single word with her conductor. But when they drew near to Colonel King's quarters she unsealed her lips.

"Are you not afraid to bring me here? I might tell Marion the strength and situation of the garrison!"

She spoke in a sarcastic tone, and there was a mischievous twinkle in her dark eyes.

"Afraid! No!" said the Tory, with a triumph that, like a prisoner, suddenly burst its bonds. "Helen Latimer, until I see fit to take you back to Azalea, Fort Dorchester is to be your home. You are a prisoner under the eye of Colonel King!"

The terrible truth flashed upon Helen's mind before he had finished.

She was a prisoner in a British fort! A moment's silence followed the Tory's last triumphant sentence, and Helen was about to reply, when Colonel King was seen advancing toward them.

The commandant was clad in full uniform, and bowed with the grace of a cavalier to the girl who could not but admire his faultless form and features.

"Here is the rebel I spoke of this morning," said the Tory, smiling. "Miss Helen Latimer!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

## OLD ENEMIES WILL MEET.

HELEN LATIMER'S imprisonment was followed by a number of days devoid of exciting interest.

It is true that the red-coats chased partisans and vice versa; but nothing worthy of notice in the lives of several of our characters occurred.

Helen could not complain of ill treatment at the hands of Colonel King. He was a polite officer who had a family in England, and who showed his captive many little favors because she reminded him of his own youngest daughter. Still he was quite strict, but though watched by one so kind, with argus eye, Helen did not murmur.

A rumor of Nick o' the Night's death reached Dorchester several days after the girl's delivery over to the garrison.

Colonel King at first placed no credence in the report, and Jotham Nettleton, the dragoon, laughed when he heard it. But, by-and-by circumstances gave coloring to the story which at length reached Helen Latimer's ears.

Couriers traversed the country between Orangeburg and Dorchester without molestation, and dispatches from Rawdon, who was concentrating his forces near Camden in the north, came through with safety. As if to confirm the reports, Colonel Holly and his men, paroled by Marion returned to the old town.

They declared that the boy had not been seen for five days, and the colonel said that Marion feared that a hostile bullet had terminated his adventurous career.

"If he is dead, why don't his slayer come forward and proclaim his deed?" dragoon Nettleton would exclaim. "I tell you, boys, that I don't believe a word of it, and to prove that he is living I will agree to hunt him up and enlighten you with the truth."

At last there remained in Dorchester but two persons who refused to believe the well-substantiated reports of the young partisan's death.

They were Helen Latimer and the dragoon. Lancaster Wingdon, who, as the reader will recollect, fired the shot that stretched Nick o' the Night on his horse's neck, visited the fort on the day that followed Helen's incarceration.

He was surprised to learn that Hugh Latimer had anticipated his own plan of carrying the young girl to the fort, for the purpose of preventing her from getting valuable information to the patriots, and he was pleased to know that the Tory had taken the matter into his own hands.

He gave credence to the rumors of his rival's death, but did not father the fatal moon-light shot.

As he came to Dorchester as Helen's lover, he did not wish her to know that he was responsible for the painful reports. By-and-by he could come out openly and receive praise for his deadly aim. He felt certain that his ball had wrought speedy death, and it was with difficulty that he could keep his triumph from Colonel King. But he was afraid to make that officer his confidante, and so he came often to the town and fort telling no one his secret.

During these visits he did not encounter Corporal Nettleton.

There existed a hatred between these two persons that increased as the days waned, and Colonel King looked at the young Tory's visits with much uneasiness. He feared that the two enemies would meet again, and that deadly blows would be the result. Therefore, he took care to keep Lancaster Wingdon at his headquarters during his brief sojourn at the fort, in order that he might not encounter the man who he hated with all the bitterness of the human heart.

The corporal despised the youthful scion of the Tory house. The epithets which he had bestowed burned in his heart, and he was but biding his time.

"He called me coward, and for that word I'll wring his neck!" the dragoon said, time after time.

He did not open the flood-gates of his wrath to the commandant, but there were a few members of the garrison who knew how he longed to punish the young Tory. These were men who did not like Lancaster Wingdon, who, they were wont to say, was too cowardly to take up arms for the king.

Thus the reader has seen that the youth possessed enemies who fought for King George—men who hated him for his name and social station.

Dragoon Nettleton was a brave man. He threw off his scarlet uniform, put aside his British sword and scoured the country in citizen's dress for Nick o' the Night. He rode alone down roads frequented by Sumter's troopers, and followed Marion's daring raiders across fields and over hills. Now and then he would ride into Dorchester where after a day's rest he would spring into the saddle, and ride forth intent upon solving the uncertainty that hung over Nicholas Brandon's fate.

The purport of Lancaster Wingdon's visits to Dorchester did not escape the corporal's penetration.

He saw that he came in the capacity of a lover, and that Helen did not return the adoration that he offered on the altar of her beauty.

"The girl don't like Tories, my young fellow," the trooper would often say. "In the private opinion of Corporal Nettleton of the Royal Horse she thinks much of that wild boy who they say is dead. I am of a mind to estimate myself her guardian just for the purpose of kicking that young king's man, for persecuting her with his presence."

One starlit night saw Jotham Nettleton's horse drinking in the middle of a ford.

The man that filled the saddle did not resemble the dragoon.

He was clad in a countryman's shabby dress, and an uncouth sand-colored beard hid much of his face. He wore a sword whose blade had been fashioned from a saw by the strong arm of some patriot smith, and a rough-looking pistol stuck in a heavy leathern belt.

He looked like a partisan—a Tory—but despite his looks he was Jotham Nettleton, the good-looking dragoon of the royal army.

Why this startling metamorphosis? Why was he alone in the middle of the Ashley, exposed to the bullet of some ally of the very cause he served?

The solution of the mystery will soon be known to the reader.

The hour was late, and the disguised trooper was about to advance when he heard a voice on the bank which he had lately left.

Then there was a step in the water, and Jotham Nettleton glanced over his shoulder.

He saw a horseman in the ford, and the plashing of water assured the dragoon a reconter could not be avoided.

"If he be a rebel I'll hob-nob with him," he murmured. "If he be a Tory I'll frighten him out of his wits."

Unconscious, as it seemed, of the dragoon's proximity, the new-comer advanced across the stream, and all at once stopped to allow his horse to quench his thirst.

Jotham Nettleton could have touched him with his sword.

He was surprised that the night rider had not noticed him. Was he asleep in the saddle? Below the tawny flowed the luscious waters of South Carolina's historic river, and the stars over their heads were reflected in the bosom of the stream.

The dragoon's horse saw the steed that drank near by, but did not manifest his presence with the usual salutation—a whinney. He seemed to know that his master desired silence, and his look at the other horse and his rider was big with equine curiosity.

Jotham Nettleton never took his eyes from the person who sat so near him in the starlight, and when he saw him gather up the reins which had fallen on the neck of his steed he raised his right hand.

The next moment the two men were together, and the trooper had jerked the other from his saddle.

"I've made a good catch!" he cried, in triumph. "It isn't every night that a patriot can secure such game. I don't want your horse," and he struck his captive's steed with his spur, and saw him gallop through the water and down the dim bank.

"You're one of the meanest Tories in these parts," the dragoon continued, holding his prisoner with a grip of iron. "Your father serves the king like a man, but you go about the country insulting the very men who crossed the ocean to stand between your dirty neck and rebel ropes. Lancaster Wingdon. I've a mind to fling you into the water and ride over you."

"Mercy!" gasped the young Tory, who did not recognize in the bearded face the features of his old enemy, Jotham Nettleton. "I am your prisoner. Take me down to Marion, and let me be treated as a prisoner of war."

"I dispose of you, sir," was the pitiless reply. "Do not think that I am going to take your

worthless life. I wouldn't have your cowardly blood on my hands for the riches of Golconda. I would not dirty this pure water with your body; but I will cause you to remember this meeting."

With the last words on his lips, the dragoon urged his horse forward with a light touch of the spur, and a minute later they were on the bank.

"Do you see your light?" asked the trooper, pointing toward a light that looked like a star.

"I do. It is the lamp in my father's library."

"That is right," said Nettleton, with a smile. "Did that father ever whip you?"

Lancaster Wingdon gave his captor a look of indignation.

"My back has never felt the rod," he answered, with a certain glow of pride.

"Then it shall feel it!" said the dragoon. "Here is a tree. I have the cords."

The young Tory's face flushed at the threatened chastisement, and he ground his teeth with unspeakable rage when the trooper dismounted and set him on the ground.

"Are you really going to whip me?" "I am. Take off your coat!"

Lancaster Wingdon hesitated, but the hand of his enemy was on his shoulder, and he sullenly obeyed the command.

Then the dragoon produced some strong cords from an inner pocket, and bound his indignant victim to the graceful tree that grew on the bank.

During the process of binding, not a word passed between the twain, and the brief silence that followed the task was painful in the extreme.

It was broken by Jotham Nettleton, who held several whitties in his right hand.

"Are you ready?" he asked his captive. Lancaster Wingdon did not reply.

A moment later the air was cut by the descending whitties, which fell heavily on the young Tory's back.

Again and again they struck the dragoon's victim, with a force that made the tender flesh quiver, and reddened the skin with blood.

Lancaster Wingdon did not groan. He held his indignant cheek against the tree, and gritted his teeth till they threatened to burst.

"There!" exclaimed the dragoon, throwing the broken whitties at his feet. "I have given you a first-class trouncing. You may go home and tell old Essex Wingdon how I punished you for your impudence. Don't cross my path again. It may not be a trouncing next time."

It was with difficulty that the young man could stand when his persecutor released him from the tree, and the dragoon laughed to see his exhaustion.

"Good-night, Mr. Wingdon!" he said, with mock civility. "A Tory's hide is soon tanned. I will see Nick o' the Night ere long, and I'll tell him how I trounced you."

Lancaster Wingdon gave the disguised dragoon a look of inveterate hatred and revenge, and saw him mount his horse and ride away.

In after days Jotham Nettleton reaped the fruits of the seed which he sowed that night on the banks of the starlit Ashley.

When the morning dawned he came in sight of a dense wood which he boldly penetrated.

He did not proceed far before he was halted by a horseman, who inquired concerning his destination.

"I want to fight with Francis Marion for liberty," he replied to the queries. "Freedom needs swords now, and I come to offer my humble but trusty weapon to the Swamp Fox."

The picket, after giving Jotham Nettleton a look of scrutiny, put out his hand.

"I welcome you, fellow," he said. "We need a few more good swords, and your arm looks strong."

"It can drive my sword to a red-coat's shoulder," said the trooper. "Marion has but to try me to find me true metal."

"We'll see the General."

A few moments later Jotham Nettleton of the Royal Horse found himself in one of Francis Marion's camps.

Among the patriots he acted well the role he was playing, fully aware that discovery meant death.

By-and-by he stood face to face with Marion, whose eagle look seemed to read the very secrets of his breast.

## CHAPTER IX.

## A SCENE IN MARION'S CAMP.

NIGHT in the partisan camp. It was Marion's camp in the center of the dense greenwood, where we left Jotham Nettleton, who, as William Laurens, had enrolled himself in the patriot ranks.

The men were scattered throughout the little encampment singly and in groups. Some were cleaning pistols and sharpening swords, while others discussed the prospects of peace and wondered when their leader would call them to the saddle for another nocturnal foray.

Marion himself sat near a mouldering fire interested, as it seemed, in the roasting of some tempting potatoes which Congo's swarthy hands had thrust into the admixture of ashes and coals.

Near him sat one of his trusty sub-lieutenants, who watched his leader's face, which in the light of the fire was a study. Careworn and haggard, it was; but now and then the dark eyes would flash with the light of battle.

With his eyes wide open, Marion was thinking of exciting times—nay, he was dreaming of the capture and the gallant chase.

Over this scene a sky dark but dotted with stars.

The greenwood was one of the fortresses of American liberty, and its inmates were the heroes who could sing:

"Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the forest tree;  
We know the forest round us  
As seamen know the sea;  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass."

Little did those gallant patriots dream that their deeds were to go down to the "latest of time," encircled by a halo of glory such as only immortality bestows.

Their good swords rust,  
Their steeds are dust;  
But their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Immortal, gallant Marion's men! A few were sleeping, but the great majority of the denizens of the camp were wide awake and engaged in the various occupations I have mentioned.

Marion did not remove his gaze from the heap of coals until Congo drew the roasted potatoes forth, and with a smile, assured his master that they were done to a nicety.

Then the partisan looked at the sabaturn who moved forward.

"I am afraid he will not come!" the General said, with anxiety manifest on his troubled countenance.

"He may not come to-night," was the reply, "but the messenger said that he would surely be here, and you know, General, that he has never failed to keep his word."

"Never!" said Marion. "I am anxious to see the boy. To tell the truth, Wolcott, he is a power of strength to the cause of liberty in the South, and I am not surprised to learn that Lord Rawdon has sent a proclamation from Canada outlawing him."

The partisan leader was still talking when several of the soldiers started to their feet, and exclamations of surprise and joy fell from a score of lips.

"Look, General!" cried Wolcott, clutching Marion's arm. "The boy!"

Marion turned and beheld two persons approaching his camp-fire. They were well mounted and a huge dog walked before one of the steeds.

The canine was wagging his pointed tail, and showing other signs of delight.

The Swamp Fox sprang to his feet, and, caring not for the sword that fell from his lap, darted forward, and seized the hands of the first rider.

"Out again, boy?" he cried. "We heard all about it yesterday. A bullet under the shoulder and through the lungs."

The chief's fervent pressure was returned, and though the face that looked down upon him was haggard and white, it was, nevertheless, the face of Nick o' the Night!

"I've had a siege of it!" replied the boy, in a voice not as strong as the old, healthy one, "but I worried it through. Once more I am in the saddle, and again I can draw for freedom the sword almost sheathed and forever by a bullet in the back."

He was dismounting while speaking and the crowd that had surrounded him scattered at a glance from Marion.

"Who did it, Nicholas?" the Huguenot asked, with great eagerness. "I told Wolcott yesterday that I longed to ask you this question."

The young partisan gritted his teeth. "It's a pity that you don't know," resumed Marion, misinterpreting Nick's silence.

"Who says



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## Sunshine Papers.

## Observations—Funerally.

"Yes, Clara, I am home, and very tired I am, too. But I enjoyed myself very much, my dear; and, really, if we were to have a funeral next week, I think I could surpass this Trelawney affair without a great deal of extra expense, which is very comforting, you know; for if there is any one thing that is pleasing, it is to show people how things ought to be done. Not that I believe in making a parade on such occasions, not at all; and if your poor, dear pa died to-morrow, I am sure I should sufficiently control my feelings to insist upon having no parade made. But I do hope I should have my arrangements in a little better taste than the Trelawneys'. Only think, Clara, of but fifteen carriages! Why, I would have twenty-five, at least, if I had to do as plenty of other people do—appropriate one carriage to each flower-piece, and only put two persons in a coach. And very inferior crape and ribbon it was upon the door, as rich as they are, and such a stylish girl as she was. I would have had the most expensive that money could have bought. Ah! well, the disposition of some people will betray itself, even on such solemn occasions."

"Many there! Yes, the parlors were crowded; but, instead of having them darkened, and the pictures shrouded with crape, and the gas lighted, they had the sunshine streaming in and everything as natural and cheerful in the rooms as if one had only dropped in to make a call. And the coffin, Clara, was so plain—rosewood, of course, but hardly any silver about it; just the simplest plate, with 'Helen Trelawney, aged twenty-two,' upon it. Now, you may tell me you know that she was only twenty-two, but you must not expect me to believe it. Why, you are twenty your next birthday—do not mention it! Certainly not, only between ourselves—and Helen Trelawney was almost old enough to be your mother. Twenty-two, indeed! That girl was nearer twenty-six, if I knew anything of ages."

"But she did look divinely, my love; I must say that. Her hair was curled so sweetly, and she had a blue silk corsage on that was literally covered with white silk embroidery—I told you they would never bury her in that new suit; but I must say I think it was execrable taste to put blue colored flowers at her throat and around her; only to think of scarlet and creamy carnations in a coffin; though I heard some one say it was done to please Fred Marston, who was almost wild over her death. But the other flowers—I hope we should have had a finer show if it had been an affair of ours! Only three wreaths, two pillows, a broken column, two harps, three crowns, five anchors, and seven crosses, and I am quite sure as to the numbers, for I counted expressly to tell you."

"And I was glad I decided to wear my new diamond drops, for Mrs. Jewels was there with her clusters; quite passe here are now, too, you know. And it was very shocking the way some of the people were dressed; as if they had entirely forgotten that it was a house of mourning."

"Oh! I must tell you, Clara, how I met Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Marston's sister-in-law, and that she asked me to go up-stairs with her. Such a quiet set as the mourners were; they hardly cried at all; and I suppose Mrs. Trelawney's girls did not care much, as Helen was only their step-sister; and, I tell you, Belle kept her eyes on Fred Marston, and he isn't so near dying of grief for Helen that he was not very attentive to Belle. Well, the rooms up there were furnished nicely enough, though they had bureaus instead of dressing-cases, so the furniture cannot be so very new; and there was a lovely toilet-set of blue silk and white lace that I took a good look at so that you can make one like it for your best room."

"Did Mrs. Trelawney put on mourning? Yes, the very deepest, and no wonder; I have no doubt she is rather glad at heart to have a chance to wear it, she looks so young and fair in it—such plump, blonde people generally do. And, no doubt, Mrs. Trelawney is thinking, too, that now Mrs. Trelawney's only child is out of the way there is a chance for her girls to step into Helen's shoes in more ways than one. Helen always had elegant clothes, and they will just fit Annie when she leaves off black, in which, I must say, she looks very pretty. And Mrs. Trelawney will not neglect to secure such an excellent catch as Fred Marston for Belle. Oh! how frightfully she appeared with crape near her face—yellow as a mummy!"

"Mrs. Daniels quite insisted that I should go to the cemetery, and with whom should I get into a carriage but Mrs. Bascombe! Such a delightful chat as we had! She told me all about Emma's spring suit and her own, and I am sure they are not as elegant as ours. And Emma is going to give a tableau party, and desires you to take part, and she is so glad the Trelawney family have gone into mourning so that she will not have to ask them to perform. And Mrs. Bascombe quite agreed with me that people should not seek to make too much

show of funerals, but that the Trelawneys might have had a little more taste in regard to their arrangements."

"Where is my novel? I'll read a little; it will rest me. Look in the fashion journal for patterns for your gorging suits. Surely, Clara, you forget that I have just come from a funeral, and that it would be scarcely proper to devote my mind to such frivolities before dinner!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## TROUBLED WATERS.

How much trouble there is in this world if we only come to think of it. I wouldn't advise you to make a thorough study of it; but, sometimes, one cannot help thinking over these multitudinous troubles—real or imaginary—that beset human nature until one is almost tempted to exclaim, with Widow Bedott, "We're all poor critters."

Notice the great amount of space, in some of the papers, given to fond belles and beaux who pour forth their traills and sorrows into the too willing ears of the editors. To read some of these intensely interesting (!) missives one would think it were a fearful and terrible affair to be in love, when it causes folks to flounder so much in troubled waters. For my part, I do not see how the goodly editors contrive to still the tempest or pour oil on the troubled waters.

I do truly and verily suppose that when Johnny and Mollie have had a "flare up," and Billy and Susie have "had words" with each other, they think themselves deserted, their spirits seem crushed, and they feel as though they would like to pine away and fill an early grave. Yes, they seem as much lost at sea as a mariner would on a sinking ship. But the good editors appear to throw them out a rope and they are saved.

Perhaps I am making light of too serious a subject, but some of these quarrels seem so absurd and ridiculous that one cannot help laughing. If I were to say that love was an absurdity, or that there was a deal of absurdity in love, I'm afraid some of my readers would want to box my ears, call me an old maid (I wouldn't mind that) and cause one more being to wallow in troubled waters.

Lots and lots of the troubles that beset many are brought upon them by themselves because they couldn't curb their passions and restrain their tempers. A little phosphorus is oftentimes capable of creating a great conflagration, and it generally takes more water to quench the same than it took phosphorus to light it.

Look at our divorce courts—it's not a very unenviable picture to draw your attention to, by the way—what a sea of contention they present! People who vowed they would be all that mortal man or woman could be to each other—who thought no trial too hard, no sacrifice too great, and no journey too long, when they could gain the love of another; but now to see them doing all they can to sever the tie! They are battling in troubled waters, and the waters are muddy and dirty. In our grandfathers' days, though you may think they were "old fogies," there were fewer divorces, thank Heaven! Ah, me! what would some of those who have lain in the grave eighty odd years, say and do at the proceedings of the present day, could we re-materialize them? I imagine they would want to return to their graves as soon as possible for fear of contamination.

Isn't it singular that persons will jump into hot water, and then complain because they get a scalding?

It troubles many persons because they are not as wealthy or as handsome as others—because they cannot dress as well or give as costly presents. It preys upon them like a nightmare, and causes them a deal of annoyance, in their waking hours. They groan over these trifling annoyances as though they had lost a fortune, and they forget all the while that there is real trouble all around and about us—trouble that is deep and quick—such trouble as causes aching hearts and weeping eyes—trouble that would be too much for human beings to bear did not the good Lord give them strength to live through it.

Many who have such troubles are more apt to bear their burdens with firmness than those whose worriments are trifling. We may think them cold and marble-like, and yet their very calmness and silence may only be submission to a higher Power. They know that, though the storm is raging and the waters troubled, God will, in His own good time, send them comfort and happiness.

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

## Moving.

Of course we had to move this spring. My wife wanted to be fashionable, and we moved with the rest of the city.

I was moved to object, but she moved that I keep silent. Not wishing to give her any offense I set in to pulling up carpet. She had a house picked out in a more desirable locality and already secured.

In a few hours that house looked like a whirlwind had gone through it and had stayed there long enough to have a little fun of its own.

The harvest of fun which I reaped from all that confusion you could put in your vest-pocket.

I fell down-stairs with a stand; together we rolled to the foot, and then that stand got on to me and stamped me with four legs, and the drawer jumped out and struck me over the eye. I got up mad and fought that stand until there was just enough of it left for my wife, who came up running, to grab and make after me with. I put a little tincture of arnica on my bruises, and took down a stove. The pipe fell out and took me over the head. Two feet came out from under the stove, but one of mine didn't. I shoved the stove over and it fell on one of its own doors and broke it; it had no business to do that. My wife wanted to know if I was breaking up housekeeping in earnest. I was mad and told her that I felt like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, and felt almost like I did not want anybody to Marius any more. I stumbled over a pile of kettles in getting out of the way, but I got out.

It takes a man of cool judgment and unswerving equanimity of temper to sit down on the floor to meditate over the miseries of life and the mistake he made in not being born in some sunnier clime, especially when that floor is upholstered with crooked tacks which have been drawn from the carpet; this I did, but I did not rest there. I got up and shook myself and there was a shower of tacks for a minute.

When I found my new silk plug-hat stuffed full of clothes-brush, stove-brush, pot-hook, and a broken pair of nails, and mashed into a box full of old tin cans and bottles, it caused me to jar my wife's grandfather's portrait in contentments, which I was taking from the wall, and it fell on my head, and went over it like a yoke. I hadn't imagined I could go so completely through the fine arts so quickly.

My best Sunday coat I noticed was wrapped around some dishes and stuffed in the clothes-basket, but I had my revenge, for in carrying the basket out I tramped on the cat—which seems only to live for that purpose—and dropped the basket, and thereby saved the hired girl a good month's work in breaking dishes.

It was impossible for me to tell where so many old boots and old shoes came from as I saw stuck in a barrel along with my best pants and shirts, with the coal-oil can on top to keep them down; and when I took the lamp off of the table in carrying a feather-bed I was so mad that I couldn't hold myself, but my wife grabbed me and held me for awhile lest I might damage something else.

In taking down a bed the rails both came out, and one fell on my foot, and then the head-board fell over on me and raised such a bump on my head that it was hard to tell which was the head.

I didn't care so much for the dryman running against me with his arms full of bed-slats, but I had the looking-glass, and in a second it was nothing but an empty frame, and that made me so mad that after I had kicked him I vowed I would never have a mirror about the house, unless it was made of sheet-iron.

It was unfortunate that all the drawers of the bureau fell out as we were getting it down the steps, after taking the looking-glass off of it by the top of the door. I felt so sorry over that I let go, and the bureau went over on the dryman, and they went down the steps together, but the bureau was the best man, for it stayed on the top all the way. I thought at the time that if the dryman had not been under it the bureau would have been seriously injured on the stone steps; so is it that even accidents turn to something good.

When I heard a dreadful racket up-stairs, and ran up, I found my wife trying her best to get her foot out from under a dressing-bureau that had tilted over while she was trying to get the carpet out from under it. I wanted to smash the bureau up, but she wouldn't let me. I found that it had injured her temper a good deal more than her foot.

Then the dryman succeeded admirably in distributing furniture and other things at regular intervals along the street, and sometimes they would go so far as to stop and pick them up; and what things I didn't happen to break they had.

The next time my wife talks of a move I will not second it, but divide the furniture and stay—unless the landlord gets too anxious for his money. If I should have to move I would rather hire another family to move, in my place.

Yours movingly,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

ONE of the most notable novels of the season is Mrs. M. V. Victor's "Facing the Future, or a Girl's Struggle," just published by Carleton & Co., New York. It is not only beautiful and enticing as a story, but adds an exciting and instructive interest in the "struggle" which an orthodox New England girl has with the new faith that science is forcing upon us under the guise of evolution, natural selection, self-generation, etc., etc. The clear-headed, strong-souled girl passes through very deep waters, and from a heart and soul experience that touches the deepest depths of woman nature, she enters upon a faith so restful and sweet, that heaven seems not far off from the life we daily live. To all it will be a most delightful book to read, while to those seeking to solve the momentous problem of the hereafter it will be a very precious volume indeed. It is printed with exquisite taste. A large sale of course awaits it.

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## Topics of the Time.

—Old Mr. Perkins has grown sick and wearied with hearing his grand-children incessantly talking about the coming glories of the Philadelphia show; but he succeeded in silencing them for a time the other day by remarking querulously, "Ay, ay, ye may say what ye please about yer Shtintynals, but ye can't make 'em what they used to be in my young days," and he turned off the gas and shuffled away to bed in the dark.

—The proprietor of the Oakland (Cal.) Trotting Park has a spaniel dog that is a great lover of horse races. The moment the bell on the judges' stand rings up the horses, Carlo mounts the balcony of a hotel opposite, which commands a full view of the track. He watches the race with interest, and if it is closely contested barks vociferously as the horses pass under the string. When the heat is ended he runs down and takes a look at the horses, and is patted by the turfites, but starts back the moment the bell rings.

—The two persons concerned in a recent St. Louis tragedy were not high in the social scale. May Dean was a chambermaid and William Cooper a gardener, and they were employed in the same family. May was young and handsome, and William naturally fell in love with her; but he was neither young nor handsome, and naturally she did not reciprocate his passion. Year after year he stubbornly pressed his suit, encouraged by the fact that she had no other lover, and possibly relying on some such teaching as, "If at once you don't succeed, try, try again." A few days ago she decided that she would bear his importunities no longer, and she transferred her services to a family in another part of the city. He then put a loaded revolver into his pocket, called upon her, and gave her a choice between promising to marry him or dying. She refused to promise, and tried by flight to avoid the alternative, but he shot her fatally and then killed himself.

—The Assize Court of the Seine is about to try a mysterious case. The prisoner is named Gervais, and is a working mason, who lived in a pretty house with a garden attached, called a villa, at Garenne, near St. Germain. It was his freehold, and his neighbors wondered where he could have got the money to purchase it. Three years ago, he being a widower, a widow named Madame Bonnerie and her son set up a toy shop in the front parlor. They soon lived together as man and wife. Some months since she disappeared, and Gervais said that she had gone home to her friends in Alsace. Two months later he married a girl of nineteen and brought her home to the villa, and the neighbors had led to a search of the house, and the corpse of Madame Bonnerie was found buried in the cellar. Gervais confessed to taking her property, and selling her parrot for fifty francs, but alleged that she died suddenly, and that he concealed the body for fear of being suspected. The autopsy discovers no trace of violence or poison.

—The steamer Crocus has landed eight hundred and fifty Chinamen in San Francisco. On the passage they were horribly ill-treated. The captain of the vessel, when questioned, cheerfully remarked that "strict discipline" had been enforced. He said: "The fellows would be continually coming on deck, and wouldn't go below when ordered. So to make them go below, I got some long poles, and I took them to the furnace red-hot all the time. It operated to a charm. When the Chinamen would get obstreperous all I had to do was to order out my poker men, when they would scamper below very quickly. I did not have to use any violence. I got some long poles, and I took them to the furnace red-hot all the time. The captain laughed, says the reporter, as though remembering some ludicrous incident. The Chinamen thus kept crowded beneath the decks must have suffered terribly, and upon that point the captain said: "Most of the trouble we had on the trip was when the fellows were below. I turned hot water on them once or twice, but generally all that was necessary was to fire a revolver over their heads. They are a cowardly set, and are heartily afraid of a revolver." The prejudice against Chinamen is so strong in California that the captain's brutality is not censured there.

—The record for the running high jump has been changed materially. Hitherto it has been held by the Englishman, Mr. J. J. Connelley, who cleared eleven inches, which has been cleared by a professional and two amateurs; now Mr. B. J. Brooks, of the Oxford University Athletic Club, has cleared six feet two and one-half inches. In a contest for the challenge cup a few days later, on ground rendered unfavorable by rain, he cleared six feet.

—In the old town of Guilford, Ct., recently, one hundred and forty-three women, the oldest eighty-four years, cleared the village green with rakes. No men were allowed to help, and all men who were found on the green were fined. At noon all marched to Music Hall, to music of life and drum, and ate a collation. In the afternoon they marched back, dug holes, and planted a Centennial oak tree.

—The arrangements for the convenience of the spectators at the Yale-Harvard regatta at Springfield are rapidly approaching completion. A grand stand to accommodate about 3,000, will be erected by the city authorities. They will also furnish a steam yacht to accompany the crews over the course and carry the referee. The regatta committee will consist of two men, one from each college, and will act in connection with the city authorities.

—The Connecticut river must have been an immense stream during the melting of the great glacier, which formerly overspread Southern New England. According to Professor Dana's latest investigations on the geology and physical history of this region, the Connecticut was, at that period, a river one hundred and fifty feet or upward in depth between Middletown, Ct., and Springfield, Mass., with an average breadth of seven miles from Hartford to Turner's Falls. In the supplementary number of *Silliman's Journal* for December, Professor Dana says that the causes of this almost lake-like condition over this region can be explained only by assumptions, and he will not undertake their explanation at present.

—A bucolic Michigan lady sends this note to the *Chicago Tribune*: "I am the ball-room dresses illustrated in fashion papers correct representations of the same as worn by ladies attending balls, etc., in our cities? If so, how do those not endowed by kind nature with the correct form, you know, manage to keep up their end of the fashion lever? Do they have 'busts' made to order, painted, grooved and warranted to fit. And why is it (if a fact) that respectable ladies, while attending balls, parties, etc., are licensed to exhibit themselves there half-naked, when, if they should present themselves in the same shape in ordinary society, they would be called among the demi-monde? I ask for information, as I do not move in the 'higher circles,' and am not posted."

—The death is reported from Zurich of a man who may fairly claim to have set the most remarkable example of self-inflicted penance on record. His name was Amstein. Thirty years ago he fell in love, and like most lovers, got jealous. One day, while under the sway of the green-eyed monster, he said something disparaging about his sweetheart. The offended beauty resolved to punish him, and Amstein, to regain her favors, was forced to swear that he would not speak another word for the next twelve-month. But before the year of silence expired the young lady suddenly died, and Amstein not being relieved from his oath by the lips of his sweetheart, vowed to remain dumb until he rejoined her in the next world. And he kept his word. For thirty years he was never heard to speak, and he died mute to all around him. Let us hope this singular case will be a warning to all lovers. On the one hand it should teach jealous wains to be more careful with their tongues; and on the other, offended shepherdesses to be less cruel in their punishments.

## Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Haunted Villa," "Glennie Glendora," "A Reminiscence," "Spring," "How He Won Her," "Family Pride," "Annabel Gray," "The Silver Poplar," "Mischievous Making," "Cheering Thoughts."

Accepted: "Spring Song," "Forget Me," "The Woodland Grave," "A Spring Through Tears," "A Month's Wages," "Alice King's Inheritance," "Daisy May's Love Story."

Authors should carefully arrange Ms. pages in their proper order for reading—tearing each page, as written, from the sheets, and giving the last (pagings) in clear figures, and carelessness in these matters often consigns an otherwise acceptable Ms. to the declined list.

STUDENT. We know of no party going to Palestine who want a man servant. Inquire among the preachers. Call upon Dr. Souder, for instance.

ADAM B. Sorry you have been foolish enough to remit money to parties who are strangers to you. We cannot vouch, of course, for the integrity of any advertiser. Put the matter in the hands of the police of Philadelphia.

WAX FLOWERS. It is *deft* to take "on the sly" what is not yours, and, as the flower has been refused to you, it would be designed theft on your part to take it. A little more schooling would help your composition. Your penmanship is quite fair.

MARY ELLA. There is no impropriety in a "gentleman caller" tendering a lady a bouquet of roses, or a box of bon-bons, nor in the lady's acceptance of such a kindly token of remembrance and desire to please.

M. D. The University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, we believe, offers the *cheapest* tuition in medicine of any college in America. Send for its catalogue. Other colleges offer chances to work—as at Cornell University. Send for its catalogue. Tuition there is quite cheap.

GERTRUDE, New Castle. The poem we must decline. Judging by what you are writing for the papers, you cannot do anything in writing for the papers. Your matter is quite crude. There is now too much competition in popular literature for any to succeed but those best qualified by special aptitude and education. Answered by postal card in regard to the drama.

KATE. Your friend has good reason for not visiting or calling, we should say. No lady cares to *force* her company on others. If you give the lady a highly, call at her home as usual, and do not ask or expect her to return the visit. Do not let other interrupt associations that have been so agreeable, and which may yet be to you both a source of so much pleasure.

ERNEST EHRMONT. There is no law that prevents cousins from marrying. The relationship of second cousins is really so remote as to be inappreciable in blood. Like temperaments never should mix, whether related or not. If you have children come not from wedding of cousins or nieces, but from the marriage of those *alike*. First cousins, if unlike in temperament, are perfectly qualified to wed.

DEKE WHITE. To get rid of freckles, buy a quarter of a pound of the best Spanish oil soap, or olive soap, and scrape it finely into a pint of soft, boiling water. Stir until completely dissolved, then let it cool, and add one pint of rose-water, and one wine and a quarter of an ounce of oil of rosemary, and mix well. Get all your articles of a good druggist. Your chirography is good enough.

MARY L. There is an old-time reverence for combinations of three which give singular force to the conjunction of that number. The Three Graces, the Three Fates, the Three Muses, the Three Graces, the Three Graces which make the talismanic number of nine, etc., etc. Therefore the same dream dreamed thrice is said by the seers to be sure to come true. If your friend has dreamed three times of the meeting, it will remain for you not to try to forget it. Circumstances which will make it all a reality. You can make "the dream come true," if you desire it.

DELOS N. E. Don't think of "studying law" unless you have special fitness for the profession, viz., a talent for speaking—a clear, logical mind—a retentive memory—a good understanding of the law of purpose—patience and good temper—courage, and finally an honest heart. Few men, indeed, have these qualifications. The profession now-a-days is a profession now-a-days is literally swarming with scamps and third-rate men. Not one lawyer in ten is fully worthy of the calling.

CHARLES H. The "Hippodrome" in New York seats about 20,000 persons, but was divided in halves for the Moody and Sankey meetings. No church in America comfortably seats 5,000 people. Dr. Hall's 5th avenue church seats 3,000. The capacity of Plymouth church, well stuffed, is about 2,800. Talmage's "Tabernacle" will, it is said, hold about one-quarter more. St. Paul's, in London, has a seating capacity of 35,000; St. Paul's, at Rome, 32,000; Milan cathedral, 37,000; St. Peter's, at Rome, 54,000; Notre Dame, at Paris, 21,000.

JOE BRANDRICK, Pittsfield. Write as follows: "Mr. Joseph Brandrick presents his compliments to Miss Mason, and begs to know if he may have the honor of escorting her to the Silvercrest Soiree on Tuesday evening, July 18."

PEARL, Plymouth, Ohio. Our "opinion of young ladies who correspond with young gentlemen of whom they know nothing except their names," is not a high one. We are not at all disposed to relate to the proprietors and sacrificed their lady-like dignity; such an act cheapens one's self, and young ladies should do anything rather than do that. As for the "gentlemen," we can assure you that even if they are highly reputable, and merely engage in the correspondence for pastime, they will never think of well of the girls who hold themselves so lightly apparent. A lady has a gentleman caller on Sunday afternoon, when lady-friend Number One calls to accompany her to church. Before starting, lady-friend Number Two calls for the same purpose. Number One and Number Two are both intimate with the hostess, but at enmity with each other. Would it be proper for Number two to treat Number One with great scorn? What should the hostess do under the circumstances—accompany Number One and the gentleman, who have never met before, to church, or remain at home with Number Two, and refuse to see the others? Number One and Two, when meeting in the presence of a third party and mutual friend, should treat each other with lady-like courtesy, concealing sedulously any display of bitterness. The hostess should accompany Number One and the gentleman to church, gracefully excusing herself to Number Two, when the lady refuses to accompany her.

With a small camel's hair brush, moistened in glycerine, apply powdered niter (saltpeter) to the freckles, carefully, every night. Or take a pint of blue skin-milk and also mix it up as much cucumber as it will cover. Let it stand an hour and then bathe the face, arms and hands in it, washing off with fair water when the cucumber has been removed. The skin should be touched cautiously but repeatedly with lunar caustic.

"MANUEL." Once a day wash your hands, for five minutes, in a basin half-full of fine white sand and soap-suds as hot as you can stand. Rub and rub them in the sand. Flin sand, or white powdered quartz, is the best and may be used many times by pouring away the water and adding fresh. Rub the hands in warm water, then in the sand, and after drying them rub with dry bran or corn-meal; then dust and rub cold cream well into the skin. Before this treatment, remove ink and vegetable stains with acid, and afterward apply oil or cream to those spots. Always, when washing the hands, have a bottle of sweet olive oil, or equally mixed glycerine and rose-water, standing by. After cleansing the hands make upon them a layer of soap, to which add a few drops of the oil or glycerine, and, after rubbing in well, wipe *without rinsing*. If the hands are never washed without this simple rule you will be surprised at their softness and whiteness.—You can only turn dark hair lighter by bleaching processes which we prefer not to describe, as they are very injurious to skin and hair.

M. B. T., Flora, Ill. says: "I have been keeping company with a young man, and think very well of him. Do you think there would be any harm in me marrying him as he is a doctor? He has told me of his love and does not think that I love him. How am I to convince him that I do?"—"We cannot see why there should be any harm in your marrying a doctor. If you really love him he will certainly become convinced of it through your unchanging kindness, unselfishness, and devotion."

Helen D. If you think the gentleman really cares for you, you should gradually cease your frequent visits to his home, and show him by cool but courteous demeanor that you are indifferent to his affection and desire to avoid encouragement of it.

L. J. O., (Akron, Ohio). It is very nearly 8,000 miles from New York to Liverpool.—Walnut-bark, or the outer shells of black-walnuts, are used for yellow dye, with alum added to set the color; and madder is used to dye red.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



## A MEMORY OF SPRING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Here grew a wood-anemone; he broke it from its slender stalk:  
"Take it," he said, "and keep for me, in memory of this happy walk."

Upon this hill, fringed with brown, they sat awhile to talk and rest,  
And watch the radiant sun go down its golden pathway in the west.

A bird sang in its nest of flowers, "The white-winged bird of love," he said,  
"Sings sometimes in these hearts of ours, God pity those whose bird is dead."

And then a strain of melody rung through and through her happy heart,  
So full it was of joy and love, its echo never can depart.

Here on this bank of emerald moss grew violets, blue as sapphires are,  
So thick she could not note the loss of those he put into her hair.

They saw the squirrels glancing out from screening leaves where acorns grew,  
And heard their chatter all about; old sights and sounds, yet always new.

They stopped beside the little stream and saw their faces side by side,  
From out the dimpled waters gleam; "Your face," said he, "and mine, my bride."

And then—what saw they in the brook? two pairs of lips, but one caress!  
She spied a roguish robin look, with laughing woe, from her nest.

And here, beneath this old, old tree, he whispered words that thrilled her through  
Like deep, bewitching melody—forever old, forever new.

And what she answered you may guess, I know he did not ask again,  
But gave her cheek a shy caress, and whispered "In the autumn—then!"

And when the wheat fields turned to gold he called her by the name of wife;  
The tenderest name that words can hold, the sweetest cadence of a life.

The years have come and gone away, with gloom and sunshine joy and loss;  
Some shadow mars the brightest day, and every heart must have its cross.

So in their heart some hopes have sprung that never grew to perfect flowers,  
But white-winged birds of love have sung through summer days and autumn hours.

Thank God for all the hopes fulfilled. Thank God for life, and love, and health,  
And all the blessings that have filled their hearts with life's unreckoned wealth.

## The Men of '76.

## MOULTRIE,

## The Palmetto Defender.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE South has no name more honored than that of William Moultrie, nor had the country, in its time of most dread trial, a truer lover or more skillful defender.

Moultrie, born in the year 1731, of Scotch ancestry, saw no military service until the Cherokee war of 1761. There, as captain of volunteers, he participated in the battle of Etchoe, where white and red men mingled in terrible conflict, and Moultrie's lieutenant, Francis Marion, led the forlorn hope that opened the fight and displayed the enemy's position. The heroism of all, in this fierce combat, won a mastering victory.

The Indian campaigns schooled Sumter, Moultrie, Marion, Huger, Pickens and others, who afterward became noted as patriots, and did much to inspire the colony with that self-reliance which is the assurance of liberty. When the struggle with Great Britain came, South Carolina looked to her sons, trained in the Indian wars, for leaders, and found in Moultrie one of the men to lean upon. Then a well-to-do planter in the parish of St. Helena, he was elected to the Provisional Congress in 1775, and gave his voice, in that most important assembly, for freedom from the mother country.

Returning home, at the first menace of danger to Charleston, he was commissioned colonel, and proceeded at once to action by seizing all the king's stores, arms and magazines, by which to obtain the necessary material of war. With guns thus obtained, he planted a battery on Moultrie's Point, which opening on two British sloops of war that menaced the city, drove them off. Then he seized Johnson's Island and its fort, abandoned by the English garrison in anticipation of his assault. This step made the harbor temporarily safe, but the spirit of war, now fully aroused, rendered vaster preparations for defense necessary.

As one of the committee of Public Safety, he counseled the fortification of Sullivan's Island, and, sustained by Governor Rutledge, he proceeded to fortify that spot, commanding the main channel to the harbor. This fortification was rude enough—simply a breastwork of palmetto logs and sand, with embrasures. It was completed in March (1776), and slowly equipped with about thirty guns, and secured powder enough for a six hours' fight if carefully used.

General Charles Lee, having been sent by Congress to take charge of operations at that most important point, greatly disapproved of this fortification, anticipating that with common sense generalship, the British ships would run by the batteries and put Charleston at once under fire; but the governor forbade Moultrie to take orders from Lee; the troops there were South Carolina militia, and as such only amenable to State authority. So Moultrie prepared for the fleet, which came down on the fortification June 28th, under Admiral Sir Peter Parker. It numbered twenty-five gun ships, four frigates, and about a dozen smaller vessels, with a bomb-ketch, all splendidly armed for the work in hand—the taking of Charleston.

The enemy, as Rutledge and Moultrie surmised they would, drew up before the Sullivan Island work, and at eight o'clock A. M. opened fire. The bombardment was tremendous, but those soft walls of palmetto logs and sand did not quake or crumble, while the deep morass in the center of the fort inclosure, received the bombs and rendered them harmless. Moultrie was not disconcerted in the least. Walking around among his men, pipe in mouth, he was as deliberate and jolly as if on parade. His guns were served, after a little experimenting by the riflemen, with admirable precision, and to Sir Peter's great disaster. For twelve full hours that awful cannonade was kept up. Moultrie ran out of powder, and fired his guns only at intervals, until Marion, at immense risk, secured a small supply from the Haddrell's Point work, and later, Rutledge sent a few hundred pounds more. "Make every shot tell," were the orders, and so effectively did they tell that the enemy's ships were literally sogged with wounds before night put an end to the fight.

Then Sir Peter retired over the bar. His losses had been fearful. Of the two large vessels the Bristol lost 40 killed and 71 wounded—the Experiment suffering in like proportion. Sir Peter lost an arm, and Lord Campbell, late governor of the province, was mortally shot. Several of the smaller vessels were destroyed. Moultrie's loss, out of a force of 400, was 10

killed and 20 wounded! Palmetto logs and sand had won against ribs of oak.

This brilliant event rid the Carolinas of British presence for three years, during which Moultrie served within the borders of the State. He was made a brigadier in the Continental service, and guarded well what his courage had secured.

The campaign of 1779 transferred the seat of war once more to the Carolinas. Savannah having fallen into their hands, to secure Charleston also became an absolute necessity for the enemy. The brave and prudent Lincoln was sent to the South to confront this danger. Moultrie was stationed at Port Royal island to watch the approach to Charleston. There he defeated the British, in a sharp encounter, to their very serious loss. Then he was called to face a force that he had no proper means to combat. Lincoln having moved, with most of his forces, up on Savannah, to compel the enemy to fight him there, Prevost, the British general, moved on Charleston. Moultrie, with but one thousand militia, could only retard the column, while the patriotic Rutledge hastened forward all the militia available. Lincoln, apprised of the danger, was too far off to save the city, upon which Prevost pressed on Moultrie's heels.

The enemy appeared before the city May 11th, and May 12th demanded an immediate surrender.

The citizens, to avoid a bombardment, would have agreed to terms, but Moultrie's heroic answer was:—"Tell General Prevost we will fight it out!"—just what the Briton couldn't wait to do, for Lincoln was fast approaching with 4,000 men, and so, on the night of the 12th, the British re-crossed the Ashley and retired to James Island, and thence to Georgia. Moultrie's indefatigable courage and ready skill had once more saved his State.

Again the trial was made. Sir Henry Clinton, in February, 1780, with a powerful fleet and land force of 10,000, appeared off the harbor. The ships ran the Fort Moultrie (Sullivan's Island) batteries, and occupying the neck of land between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, opened fire on Charleston, April 12th. Lincoln's whole force was less than half that of Clinton. The Briton was very cautious—the defense very stubborn, but the odds were too great, and after six weeks of brave struggle the city surrendered, with all its defenders—Moultrie among them. His conduct through-

"Indeed it is, and his form as graceful, while he at once went to the head of all his classes. He'll strip the university of its prizes, I fear. Yonder he comes now, and he seems to be Claude Clinton's very shadow."

The speakers were two students, standing on the campus. One was Mark Leslie, the brother of Louise, who had written so kindly to Claude Clinton, urging him to reform his evil habits.

As Mark's companion spoke, Claude Clinton and the object of their conversation approached, and the latter was presented as Everard Ainslie.

Mark Leslie greeted him warmly, and gazed earnestly into his wondrously handsome face, and upon his slight, graceful form, and from that moment, in his mind, a seed of suspicion was sown that was destined to germinate rapidly and in the end bring forth bitter fruit for him to pluck.

The more Mark Leslie saw of Everard Ainslie, the more his suspicions were confirmed, until he was thoroughly convinced that he was right in his supposition.

Knowing Claude Clinton well, he also liked him well, though he knew him to be gay and reckless and leading a life which no young girl could safely justify or overlook.

For this reason he had urged upon his sister Louise to banish Claude Clinton from her heart, for, living as they did in the same neighborhood, they had been friends from earliest childhood.

Knowing that Louise was believed engaged to Claude Clinton, by many of his fellow students, and convinced that he was playing some deep game, and dragging down to ruin some innocent girl, Mark Leslie one day sought an interview with his fellow student in his own rooms.

What passed in that interview none ever knew, but angry words were heard, followed by a pistol-shot, a cry, a heavy fall, and Claude Clinton fled from the college, a hunted man, haunted with the thought that he had taken the life of Mark Leslie, who, up to a short while before, had been his most intimate friend.

As the students and professors rushed into the chambers, they beheld a scene that filled them with horror, for Mark Leslie lay prone upon the floor, bleeding profusely from a wound in his side.

Surgical aid was instantly summoned, and the wounded student received every attention.

that he would behold in chase the phantom of poor Mark Leslie.

"My God! thus rushes my life into a new wickedness, and I tread the threshold of manhood as a murderer," he hissed forth between his teeth.

Then, after awhile he continued:

"But he was too bitter toward me—he brought it upon himself. Poor, poor Mark, you have fallen by my hand, and over me rushes the remembrance of our happy boyhood—the many joyous hours we have passed together—and Louise, yes, Louise! what will she think of me now?"

"Curse me bitterly as her brother's murderer! Come, you brute; you but creep along," and the sharp spurs sunk deep into the flanks of the tired animal, while, in disjointed sentences, the unhappy man still continued to muse aloud.

"And all for her!" he cried, bitterly—"for a woman yet a girl, and who I verily believe hates me."

"Curses rest on her, and upon me for being a fool to marry her! Oh! that I were free from her—that I could fly from her memory and from the stain on my conscience."

"No, it will not wash out—blood-stains are indelible—ha! now that I am forced to fly like a hunted hound, she will seek my home, make known the damnable secret that she is my wife, and revel in my wealth—for her silvery tongue, her beautiful eyes will touch the heart of even my stern father—curse her, oh, curse her—ha!"

Claude Clinton suddenly drew rein, for before him loomed up an ivy-grown church, surrounded by the glittering monuments of the dead.

The moon had risen and shed down upon the lonely and sacred spot a flood of silvery light, and the scene was most impressive; all was silence and desertion; for, excepting a glimmering light from the window of the distant parsonage, it seemed as if only the dead were near.

"By Heaven! how strange that I should have taken this road! Yes, it is the same old church, with its dead sentinels around it, for, surely, the dead guard it from intrusion. By the Heaven above me I will do it."

The last part of the sentence was almost shrieked, and instantly springing from his horse, Claude Clinton hunched him to the fence, and walked with determined step toward the lonely church.

To his surprise, he found the door partly

ly aroused, indignant, and fearless old minister.

"Unhand me, I say," almost shrieked Claude Clinton, and though a powerful man, he in vain endeavored to shake off the firm clutch that held him.

"Never!" still replied the man of God, and with a bitter oath, Claude Clinton drew from his pocket a keen knife; the blade flashed in the moonlight, and with a crunching sound sunk deep into the bosom of the protector of God's sanctuary.

"Oh! God have mercy and forgive him this deed!" cried the old man, staggering back, while the blood from his wound spurted over his murderer.

Wildly the long arms were thrown about, then the hands clasped, as if in prayer, a deep groan came from the pallid lips, and the wounded man fell dead across the table, whereon, a short time before, he had been writing his Sabbath sermon.

With a cry of horror at his deadly act, Claude Clinton rushed from the sacred edifice he had desecrated, and bounding into his horse, darted away at the utmost speed of his horse. In his terror and haste to fly from the scene of death, he was unmindful that the record he had taken life to get possession of fell from his bosom, and fluttered down the road before the balmy breeze of the autumn night.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE STAINED RECORD.

EVERARD AINSLIE left the university grounds, and wended his way rapidly down the moonlight road, leading to the village, a mile distant.

Arriving there he sought out a livery-stable and hired a man to drive him to the city, thirty miles distant.

What thoughts passed through the mind of Everard Ainslie, as he drove swiftly along the country road, it were hard to tell; but certain it was that the driver found him a most taciturn companion for a midnight drive, for seldom did he speak, except to urge on the willing horses.

By a strange fatality Everard Ainslie had taken the same road over which Claude Clinton had passed but three hours ahead of him, and, as a turn in the highway brought him in full view of the old ivy-grown church, he started, flushed, and paled vividly, although he little knew what a ghastly object lay within its dark portals.

"Yes, 'tis the very same. From yonder church I wandered forth in life. Where shall I end? half aloud said the young student, and then he cried:

"Hold on, driver!"

As the vehicle drew up Everard Ainslie sprang to the ground, and stood for a moment gazing upon the quaint old church, a feeling of awe creeping over him, as he glanced nervously upon the monuments of the dead.

Suddenly to his very feet fluttered a sheet of white paper, blown along by the wind.

Stooping he took it up, and seeing writing thereon, glanced closely upon it.

Instantly a cry escaped from his lips, and pressing his left hand to his breast, he staggered back, his face a mirror of conflicting emotions.

It was a large sheet of paper, fully twenty inches in length and eight in breadth—torn from a large book; it was the same sheet, crumpled and spotted with blood, which Claude Clinton had unknowingly dropped as he mounted his horse to fly from the scene of his cruel deed.

That stained record told the story—it told that upon a certain spring day, some four months before, Claude Clinton and Eve Ainslie had been bound in the holy bonds of wedlock, before the chancel of that dead-encircled church, by one who now lay stark and stiff in the sanctuary of his heavenly Master.

For a moment Everard Ainslie seemed like one dazed by his discovery, and then he muttered in a husky voice:

"In God's name! how can this have come here—and it is stained with blood—ha! Claude Clinton came this way."

"Yes, it was his act, to tear this from the book of records; yet, why this stain?"

"I fear, yet I know not what I fear, but thank God I hold this in my hands, for were he to possess it, I would be disowned and dishonored."

"Ha, ha, ha, Claude Clinton, I hold the winning hand!"

"You have tired of me, and would cast me off. Though flying for your life you came here to destroy this record; but I have it, and the stain upon it may one day bring you to the gallows."

"Well, I must on, and mayhap I may yet meet him, and—if I do—But I'll not whisper that even to myself."

"Ha! I'll find out the secret of this red stain. Driver, await me here."

So saying, Everard Ainslie walked with determined step toward the ivy-green structure, placed his hand firmly upon the latch, but hesitated, shuddering as though a mortal fear was upon him.

Regaining his self-control, he entered the sacred edifice, and glanced timidly around the gloomy spot.

With faltering step he walked along the aisle until he stood within the chancel.

Not a sound broke the solemn silence, and it seemed like sacrilege to there intrude.

He had nerved himself, however, to the task, and was determined to proceed if the very specters of the dead arose before him.

Crossing the chancel he entered the vestry-room, and with a cry of horror started back.

There in the moonlight, his pale face upturned, his eyes open and staring a glassy stare, lay the poor rector.

Bounding forward, Everard Ainslie gave one look into the marble-like face, placed his hand upon the silent heart, and then, with a cry of mingled joy, sorrow, fright and despair, clutched at his head as if in frenzy, and rushed from the church.

Springing into the waiting vehicle he cried, in ringing tones:

"Drive on! for the love of God, drive on!"

Startled by the wild manner of the youth, the driver plied his whip and they seemed to fairly fly over the moon-lit road, and when the gray dawn of day broke in the east, the lonely church and its terrible secret were miles away—then, and then only, when the rosy tint of morn fell upon his face, did Everard Ainslie drive from him the horror that had grasped at his heart.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## BROTHER AND SISTER.

"Dead! dead! and by the hand of my own brother."

"Oh, God! is there aught in this world for me now to live for?"

The speaker was a woman of rare loveliness



Claude Clinton and the object of their conversation approached, and the latter was presented as Everard Ainslie.

out the siege afforded them for general comment; his escape from injury seemed marvelous. He succumbed to hunger rather than to Sir Henry Clinton's guns.

So dangerous a man the enemy could afford to hold as a prisoner, and for two years he remained in British hands, during all that period keeping watch and guard over the interests of his countrymen in the city, as citizens or prisoners. Two very subtle and powerful attempts to win him by tempting offers, over to the royal cause, he rejected with patriotic fervor. Not until May 3d, 1781, was he sent to the North, but only when the capture of Burgoyne's army gave the Continentals equivalent prisoners then in British hands, was Moultrie finally exchanged. Owing, however, to some question of comparative rank, his parole was not canceled until late in February, 1782.

Congress having made him a Major-General, Moultrie went South in the summer to resume his duties in the field, but the war really was over, and he was permitted to enter Charleston on the day of its re-occupation by Greene and Marion, (December 14th)—a proud day for citizens and soldiery alike.

Moultrie was a favorite of all classes. His genial, honest nature made him so popular that the people fairly idolized the man, while the record he had made as a soldier gave him the excellent consideration which only the few great commanders have. He was chosen governor of the State in 1785, and again 1794, each time serving much to his credit and to the good of the State.

Full of honors, and secure in the affections of all men, he died September 27th, 1805.

## Without a Heart:

## WALKING ON THE BRINK.

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,  
AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY,"  
"TRACKED THROUGH LIFE,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

"WELL, Leslie, what do you think of the new student—Clinton's chum?"

"I think if he were petticoats I would fall desperately in love with him, for his face is as beautiful as any woman's I ever beheld."

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE HIGHWAY TO RUIN.

WHEN Claude Clinton fled from the room, after the death-blow aimed at the heart of Mark Leslie, he dashed at once to the stables of the institution, and in five minutes after was flying along the mountain highway mounted upon his own steed, for a horse was another luxury the young millionaire indulged in as a means of education.

For several hours he pressed his steed hard, his mind in a chaos of troubled thought, his brow knitted and teeth firmly set, while, ever and anon, he would glance nervously behind him, either in fear of pursuit, or from a fear

open; and murmured, "They fear no intrusion here."

Entering, he soon found himself within the sacred edifice, and the moonlight streaming through the windows enabled him to see his way.

It was a sacred spot, a lonely place for a man flying from justice, after aiming a death-blow at his truest friend, and Claude Clinton was fully impressed with the scene and walked with hesitating step up the broad aisle.

In front of the chancel he paused, and glanced nervously around him, while he murmured aloud, "Here we knelt and were made man and wife, and here I curse her now!"

A moment he stood as if overwhelmed by the rush of bitter thoughts upon him, and then he sprang lightly over the low rail and crossed the chancel toward the vestry-room door.

The knob turned to his touch, and he entered the room to start back with a half cry of fright, for, at the table before the long window, sat a human form.

A closer glance reassured him; he saw that the man was asleep, for his head was bowed forward upon his desk—his hand still holding a pen, rested upon his unfinished sermon, and regular breathing came from the ministerial lungs.

Right upon the sleeper fell the ray of moonlight, and displaying also a candlestick with empty socket, for the candle had burned out some time before.

A dry sermon indeed, to drive its composer to sleep? thought Claude Clinton, with cruel wit, and then, not to be turned aside from the purpose he had in view, he cautiously crossed the room toward a book-case, one door of which was open.

Noiselessly he searched for a moment, and then drew from a shelf a large and time-worn book—the records of the church.

With the moonlight streaming down upon the open page, he soon found that for which he was in search, and stealthily tore the leaf from the volume which held records of the marriages and deaths of the parish for half a century.

The tearing sound awoke the sleeper; the minister sprang to his feet, and beholding a stranger before him, as he believed robbing the church of its silver communion service, which was also kept in the book-case, he rushed upon him and held him with firm grasp ere Claude Clinton could fly.

Hastily shoving the stolen record into his bosom, the young student cried, sternly:

"Unhand me, old man!"

"Never! my vile creature, who would rob the sanctuary of your God. I will hold you, and deliver you to justice," cried the thorough-



in face and form, although her features were stamped with an almost despairing sorrow.

She was attired in a loose morning-wrapper, that was most becoming to her, and was pacing to and fro, with a nervous tread, from one room into the other, for the door between the two was open.

The rooms were large, elegantly furnished, and most comfortable—the one a parlor, the other a bed-chamber.

A piano and a guitar, proved that the occupants were possessed of a musical taste, while numerous books scattered here and there showed literary amusements for idle hours.

In her hands, as she paced to and fro, the young girl, for she seemed scarcely more than eighteen, held a leathern wallet containing papers and bank-notes.

"This was taken from him after he fell, and brought to me—but what care I for these papers! they do not bring me back my poor slain Roslyn."

"Dead! can I realize that he is dead? that I shall never again touch his lips, his hand—that an open grave lies between us—a grave of my own brother's digging?"

"Oh! Clarence! Clarence! you deemed you were avenging your sister's honor—but you were crushing her to the earth in despair."

"Now the secret must be known—yes, I can tell it now, for he is dead; yes, I can make Clarence Erskine, brother though he is of mine, shrink with horror to know that he has killed, not my destroyer, but my husband!"

"Ay, Clarence Erskine, you have slain one who was innocent, and—yes, they say he faced death boldly; for why should he fear to die when his heart was unswayed?"

"Hail who can that be?" and the woman started, as a tap came upon the door.

A second time it was repeated; but she seemed to have lost all power of speech to bid the one without to enter; but stood staring at the closed portal, as though she expected to see some dread specter enter the room.

Then the door slowly opened, and with a cry of horror the woman recognized the man who entered.

It was the same tall, graceful form, the same earnest blue eyes that had faced Colonel Roslyn Roselle and sent him to his death.

It was Clarence Erskine, the brother of Florio—the avenger of a sister's honor.

Strangely alike were the two; but in the eyes of the sister there sparkled a fire almost kindled of hatred; in the eyes of the brother there was a look of intense sadness.

"Ha, ha, ha! Clarence Erskine! murderer, slayer of the guiltless, you have dared pollute this sacred spot with your presence!"

"Do you not fear that an avenging God will wither your own right hand, stained as it is with the blood of my husband?"

"Your husband!" gasped the man.

"Ay, Clarence Erskine—now I will tell you the truth; Roslyn Roselle was my husband, and you have slain him!"

"Away! away! How dare you contaminate this room with your presence?" and Florio pointed toward the door with a manner most threatening, a face clouded with the wildest passions.

"Florio, hear me—" began the brother, but the woman broke in with:

"What do you dare to palliate the wrong you have done me?"

"I dare tell you, Florio, that your name was bandied about, torn with dishonor, and that I sought an explanation from you, and you gave me none."

"I then went to Colonel Roselle, and his answer was that he had no explanation to make."

"Believing you yet innocent of wrong, and hoping to check you ere you were drawn over the brink of crime, I challenged Roslyn Roselle, for he would make me no promise never to see you again, and knowing his past life as I did, and remembering that a mystery hung about him which none could fathom, I was determined to end the unfortunate relations between you."

"To this end, to protect my sister from a designing villain, as I believed him to be, I was willing to risk my life against his."

"We met, and the result you know—Roslyn Roselle fell by my hand."

"Now, when too late, you tell me you were his wife, and I have the curse upon my life of his blood."

"Oh, Florio! Florio! this is awful!" and the brother raised his hands to his face and shuddered as bitter memory swept over him like a tidal wave of sorrow, desolating his life.

But, Florio stood like a statue, and no word escaped her lips, after a while Clarence Erskine continued:

"You sorrow for a husband, slain by a brother's hand, Florio; your heart will ache, but time will heal the wound, while I, my sister, will, as each year rolls by, but suffer more, for blood-stains wash not out; they stain the hand, the heart, the brain—hold! listen to me while I tell you that to-day I leave my father's house."

"I have ample means, ay, a generous income, and I will live apart from you—to-day our paths in life divide, for by my presence I will not continually bring up before you a phantom of your buried love, and I care not to sit constantly between you and the grim specter of death."

"But, Florio, I am still your brother, and our father is journeying toward the grave, and he is all you have to love you; yet, when he is gone, when you are left alone in the world, and you need a friend, a brother's love, come to me as in the olden time when you were my little sister."

"Cheer up, now, Florio; the grave has divided all who loved each other in the past—the grave will divide all who love each other in the future, Florio."

A moment more and he was gone; yet still Florio stood staring at the door, a grim smile upon her lips, a look of sorrow swelling up into her beautiful eyes.

#### CHAPTER IX.

JUST IN TIME.

ALONG a lovely country road, traversing the mountain district of New York State, rolled a traveling carriage, drawn by a pair of fine black horses, and driven by a colored coachman.

In the vehicle were two persons, an elderly gentleman, of perhaps fifty-five, with the bearing of a soldier, and a face full of nobleness and generosity, while his snow-white hair and mustache gave him an expression of almost womanly sweetness.

The person by his side was Florio Erskine; as beautiful as when the reader last beheld her, and yet a look of settled sadness upon her face which had not rested there four months before.

Clad in the deepest mourning, it was yet most becoming to her; but the sunshine of life was gone, and the horizon of her future was shadowed by clouds which were not tinged with a silver lining.

"Father, how long will it take us to reach our new home?" suddenly asked Florio, with a partly wearied look upon her lovely face.

"Perhaps two weeks, daughter, for you know we will not leave our carriage until we

reach Virginia; then Henry can come on alone, while we dash on by rail."

"And you think I shall like Wildside, as you call the estate, father?"

"Yes, Florio; it is one of the grandest old homes in the South, and as you know, belonged to an old army comrade of mine; but he ran through with his fortune after the death of his wife; the place was advertised for sale, and, remembering what it was, when I visited him twelve years ago, I purchased it, thinking it would be a delightful retreat for you, and where I could also forget the turmoil of the busy world."

"Therefore I had it put in thorough repair, refurnished and improved, and I know that we will both love Wildside."

"And Clarence! he will remain in the city, I suppose?"

It was the first time that Clarence Erskine had ever heard the name of her brother upon his daughter's lips since the fatal duel in which Clarence had slain Roslyn Roselle, and the father looked quickly toward her, and then said, after a moment's hesitation:

"Yes, Clarence will remain in the city, and practice his profession, in which he is certainly making a name—though why he should worry himself with the troubles of other people I know not, as his fortune, independent of what he has from me, is most generous."

"His conscience needs quieting—he must work, or—go mad," almost savagely said Florio; but, ere her father could reply, the vehicle came to a sudden halt; the horses swayed violently to one side; the crack of a pistol followed, and then came a half shriek of pain, a heavy fall, and two heavily-bearded faces peered into the carriage windows.

The sudden halt, the shot, the cry, together with the dark faces that bent upon her, caused Florio to faint away, just as her father leaned forward to draw his pistol from one of the carriage pockets, where he kept it in traveling.

But, the muzzle of a revolver was in his face, and a stern voice cried:

"Hold, old gentleman, for you have too many around you to play that game. Give us your gold, not lead, and be quick about it too, for we are not men to brook delay," said the man at the other window.

Feeling that the odds were against him, Colonel Erskine determined to yield, and said quietly:

"I have but little gold with me, but that I shall surrender at your demand."

"About how much, boss?" impudently asked the first speaker.

"Perhaps several hundred dollars—"

"It won't do—come, boys, we'll take the girl, and when he wants to give a few thousand for her recovery, he can get her—"

"Hold! you would not harm my daughter!" cried the fond father, horrified at the very thought.

"That's just what we would do, if she was your wife. We need money, boss."

As if to carry out his threat the speaker laid his hand heavily upon the unconscious Florio, when, suddenly, there came a cry of alarm from a third man, who was holding the horses.

Instantly both men at the carriage windows started back, the one to fall to the ground, the other to a blow upon the head from a heavy cane, the other to dart into the forest, quickly followed by his companion, who stood at the head of the horses.

Released of their restraint, the animals would have dashed away, and Colonel Erskine and his daughter might have been dragged to a horrible death; but a little form sprang to their bits and checked them, while the colonel sprang from the carriage to the aid of him who had proved himself the preserver of himself and Florio, and boldly came to their rescue at the risk of his own life.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 223.)

#### A SPRING SONG.

BY L. G. GREENWOOD.

The sun has chased the clouds away,  
The birds have sung their morning lay,  
The sky is clear and blue above,  
And morning wakes mid smiles of love.

The buds are fresh with crystal dew,  
The leaves display their shining hue,  
And zephyrs sweet steal all around,  
To kiss the trees and kiss the ground.

How glad some doth each heart rejoice,  
A blithesome tone is in each voice,  
The world is fair and now exhales  
Sweet fragrance from both hills and vales.

The new-born flowers serene and sweet  
Impart a joy to all who meet  
Their first soft smiles so full of grace,  
That seem reflected on each face.

Then pour rich blessings from thy heart,  
To God whom thee hath set apart,  
And high above each habitation,  
Of this great world with power not scant.

For all that's here for thee was made,  
Thine is thy daily life to aid;  
Labor's reward is ever good,  
It brings peace, rest and daily food.

### The Cross of Carlyon: OR, THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER VII.

SOMEbody MISSING.

THEY told me that I lay unconscious and raving during the balance of that night. The worthy doctor had another patient on his hands, and, very fortunately, he had a sachel of medicine with him.

It is a happy fact, that such frenzies of grief as mine do not, generally, culminate seriously.

The rule being, rather, that, the greater the sorrow at first, the stronger the heart is afterward.

The agony that knows no tears or outbursts, which lingers dread and weighty on the senses, while the only evidence of it is the weakened eye and ghastly cheek—it is most dangerous.

All night I lay moaning the name of Christabel, and tossing about in a wild delirium.

Toward daylight I sunk into a profound sleep, affected, no doubt, by opiates. But, when the sun came pouring in through the windows, and I again opened my eyes to life, it was like the awakening from my usual slumbers; I was calm enough, with only a slight headache.

"Ah!" exclaimed the physician, "you are better?"

"Have I been very sick?"

"Um! Well, not so sick, after all."

These gentlemen of medicine always were ambiguous, somehow, in meeting a patient's inquiries. Mystification seems to be an indispensable part of their profession.

After a hearty breakfast, I was thoroughly myself. Naturally, I felt gloomy and thought-

ful—how else, with death in the house? And death, in this instance, seemed, truly, a tyrant.

But I was alive to necessary matters; and among my first thoughts was a sense of duty toward little Christabel. The child ought to be brought at once to take the last farewell of her mother.

What a blow it would be to her! Christabel, so young, so buoyant in all those ideal vigors which impart to childhood the sunniest of charms; only a few months since she had found and learned to love the beautiful woman who was her mother—now to lose her when she was dearest, when the cup of happiness was brimming and sparkling in the light of golden promises. It would be a delicate and difficult task to break the sad news to her; yet who to do it but myself?

There was no time to spare. Ordering out the buggy, I drove to the city on a double errand: to notify an undertaker, and in quest of the little orphan.

South Dallas street. Now that was an odd place for Meggy Merle to seek an abode in, when I knew Miss Christabel had given her considerable money, and lately accustomed her to living in magnificent surroundings. I wondered if she had dwelt there during the whole nine years of the child's life, and marveled, if so, how little Christabel could have grown to that age, so chaste in person, habits and language. Not that Dallas street was a wicked place, nor yet such a filthy place; but, always, generally, in a large city, are not desirable localities for people of even ordinary refinement.

Calling upon the undertaker, I then sought the rickety house where Meggy Merle had resided, when I delivered the letter a year or more prior. An aged colored woman met me at the door. She had occupied the house since Meggy left it; Meggy was not there now.

"Lor', marse!" she exclaimed, in answer to my questions, "is you a-lookin' for little Christabel?—w'at used to live heyr! Bress de chile! she's de sweetest honey ever was. I know'd her some, I did. But, dere: she done clear out long ago, an' got t'other side de world by dis time, I spects."

"Then you can't give me any information as to her whereabouts?"

"Deed I can't, sure."

"She has not returned here lately—say within a day or two?"

"Fo' de Lor' she ain't."

"I would very much like to find her."

"Is you her big brother?"

"No, but a very dear and anxious friend."

"I was not satisfied until making close and fruitless inquiries throughout the alley, north and south. Giving it up at last, I drove to the Sun office, and inserted the following 'Personal':"

"MEGGY MERLE. Please return at once. You are greatly wanted at Lochwood. J. H."

But the day of the funeral went by without tidings of the absent one. I exerted every available means, employing detectives in the hunt for Meggy Merle and little Christabel. The same condition of things continued.

I had not yet examined the black morocco diary, nor produced the will, nor set about adjusting Miss Christabel's business in final inventory. I now went to work, beginning with the diary.

My first discovery was the date of the birth of my benefactress, entered on the fly-leaf. Thirty-nine years.

Was it possible she was that old—so much older than myself! And still so beautiful! But, why not? Aspasia was beautiful at the same age; Cleopatra was past thirty when she became the idol of her Antony; Diana de Poitiers was the most lovely woman of her court at thirty-six; Anne of Austria was the handsomest queen of Europe at thirty-eight; Mlle. Mars was at the zenith of triumphs, in beauty and as a tragedienne, after forty. My Christabel I thought more angelic than all, at thirty-nine.

Passing over this, I devoted myself to the strange history in the diary—the detail of a woman's love, wrongs and martyrdom, a man's deceit and heartless perfidy. All her mysterious faded away, all her trials stood forth; I learned, then, who and what she was, and how deeply she had been sinned against. Each paragraph increased my sympathy, until, in the solitude of that library, when none but the All-seeing Eye could see, the tears trickled down my cheeks. No wonder that her heart had turned to stone.

At the close of the singular chronicle, ensued later events: her meeting me, what we did together, her plans concerning me—all of the latter completely, generally fulfilled. I then noticed that there had been no jottings in the diary for quite a while, and studying for a moment, I recollected the date as being that night when I saw her in such trepidation, on the occasion of her second visit to the vaults, after our occupancy of Lochwood manse. An enigmatic entry, too, as follows:

Night of—th—. All things have their ending. Trapped the wicked lizard to-night, and sealed her up forever. Wretched being! her task has ended in a retribution she little expected. Now, one thing more—child in *reg. arnia*—and Christabel Carlyon—the Cross of Carlyon—has triumphed at last."

By previous allusions in the diary, my curiosity was satisfied as to who this Lizard was—the object in gray, which encountered us on the night of our memorable first visit to the vaults of Lochwood—and as to the part she played in the tangled events of Miss Christabel's sufferings.

Closing the diary, I procured a lantern and sought the vaults. It was tedious, breaking the cement round the monstrous door; but, everybody was abed and asleep, I worked leisurely, and soon broke through. I felt no fear whatever; the mystery of the haunted vaults was explained.

Waving my lantern, I moved ahead and arrived at the door of the chamber in which Miss Christabel had once shown me the document bearing the bloody cross—the Cross of Carlyon, also explained in the course of her private history.

The vaulted cell was provided now with a stout door. The door was locked, with the key outside.

My hand trembled as I turned the key and the knob, and stepped in; then I recoiled instantly, for my nostrils were greeted by an odor so offensive that I nearly fainted. Two things I had seen, however, in the momentary flash of the lantern.

At the far side of the cell lay a wasted human figure, almost a skeleton, so hideous to look upon that I refrain from describing it. The second item was a slip of paper directly at my feet, as if it had been pushed beneath the door and never disturbed afterward.

Securing this paper, I hastened away from the sepulchral depths, and confess that I breathed freer when again in the comfortable library. By the light of the large lamp I read these lines:

"Whoever may find in this vault a skeleton, may know that it is the remains of one who, for thirty-five years, assisted in a plot to defraud the orphaned and friendless. A heartless creature in the employ of heartless men, who caused the death and

degradation of that orphan. In this cell, where she had guarded so long that which was wrenched from the victim, she found a tomb, whence her soul alone could escape to answer the charge of crime that dyes the books of Heaven!"

Poor, poor Miss Christabel. Was she insane? I had never detected it. But, if she was, I could not blame her for this deed. What she had endured was sufficient to craze her, and in her insanity, no wonder she had wreaked a terrible vengeance on the Lizard.

I called in workmen next day to have the vault doors re-sealed, doubly secured, for I wished to hide forever from the world the secret beyond.

My next movement was to enter the will, which was found strictly to be as she said; everything to little Christabel, with me as sole executor and trustee, until the heir came of age.

Ah! where was that heir to be found? Here was a task ahead of me.

Discharging the servants, the doors and windows of Lochwood were closed by my own hands. I arranged the business of the estate in a condensed manner, and then went out to hunt over the earth for Christabel Carlyon, the heir of Lochwood.

All of this happened fifteen years ago.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE LADY IN THE CAB.

Toward the close of Indian Summer, 1874—beautiful Indian Summer, when the flowers were nodding farewell, and the last soft spice-breath of roses floated in the air; when the birds sung louder, and the broad earth looked gay in its final struggle before the dews were frost; when hues and hues were blending, and the brown chestnuts rattled among the fallen leaves; when the moon was haze of gold, and the evenings bright with stars; surely, it was such a scene, in such a clime, that inspired the sweet song of "The Last Rose"—a season unknown in the almanacs of the old world!

Baltimore fashionables availed themselves bounteously of this pure weather; the streets and drives were thronged, and costly apparel here and there indicated that some, at least, had money to spend, notwithstanding the extraordinary dullness of business affairs.

Our interest lies at Camden Station, an hour or so before dusk. The early evening train from Washington had arrived with tolling bell, passengers were hurrying toward the gate—and among the streaming passengers, one whom we must note.

A lady of slender figure, neatly dressed, who wore a veil arranged just enough aside to expose a beautiful brunette face, with black, starry eyes that sparkled in the dim light of the lamps around. She was alone.

Stepping out at the front of the station, she engaged a cabman from amid the host that shouted and flourished their whips. In a few minutes she was riding toward the north of the city—then the cab struck the Harford road. On, on it went, the driver sitting like a statue in the drawing darkness, while he counted upon the ample fare he was to receive.

Presently he reined up, and glanced inside through the front window.

"What'd you say was the name o' the place?"

"Lochwood."

"All right;" and as he drove on again he mumbled: "Must 'a' been before I 'gan drivin' in Baltimore, I reckon, as I never heard o' no such place out this-a-way. Say, mister"—to a man whom he overtook, plodding wearily along the roadside—"how far to Lochwood?"

"First lane to the left after Joppa."

"Old Joppa pika."

"Who's he?"

"Must be green, I guess. Don't know the old stage road!"

"Oh! Thankes."

The cab soon passed the pike and entered the lane. Dark, dismal and rugged it was, and a second time the driver paused.

"Say, mum: think this here's the place?"

"Is it Lochwood?"

"I reckon. This's the first lane after Joppa. But there ain't no lights up to the house, an' it's sort of a cut-throat route, anyway."

"Go on."

"All right, mum."

Slowly over the weed-grown carriage path, winding through the aisle of spectral trees and frowning shadows. Even in the dim light of the growing moon, it was plain to be seen that the place was deserted.

At the crumbling porch the occupant of the cab alighted. But she paused and looked slowly around.

"Lochwood! Is this Lochwood?"

"Reckon so, mum. Don't appear to be anybody livin' here, mum."

She ascended the steps and tried the door; then descended and glanced up at the grim front. All was black and silent as the grave. The driver cast furtive and uneasy looks about him; the horses pawed with unrest.

"Isn't that a light off there?" she asked, pointing through the trees.

"Yes, mum; on the road, further up."

"We'll go there."

"Anywhere you says, mum."

They went back over the tangled lane, and soon reached the front of a tasteful cottage a little beyond. A dog barked as the driver halted, but a woman presently answered the call.

"Is there anyone living at Lochwood?"

"At Lochwood! Why, bless your heart! it's been tenanted these fifteen years, ever since the strange lady died."

"The strange lady?"

"She as owned it."

"Oh! And there was a gentleman used to live there, I believe?"

"Mr. Harrison, you mean. Yes, well, he's not been seen since that time either. And I really can't say where you'll find him. He was the lady's manager, you know; and I bought this cottage of him, after he had improved it some. My last payment was due soon after the good lady died, and I went to his usual office in Baltimore. But, bless you! the office was closed, he was clean gone, nobody knew where, and I haven't made the payment yet."

"Was you wanting to see him, Miss?"

"I would like to see him—yes, very much."

"Well, I'm really sorry. I'd like to get sight of him myself."

"Good night"—and to the driver: "Back to the city, now."

"Yes, mum. Where to?"

"Some large newspaper and book store."

"That's Taylor's."

"Go there, then."

Taylor's, at Sun building, generally closed shortly after dark, and in order to please his customer, the cabman plied his whip smart and fast, in hopes of reaching the place in time—which he succeeded in doing. They were just winding down the iron blinds as the cab wheeled up at the curb.

"Wait for me, driver," and with this she hastened into the store, where she asked the obliging clerk for a daily newspaper.



In another moment old Ben Walford, almost too full to speak, entered the cell, and as the old man and the young met, in a strong, soul-yearning embrace, the jailer stole silently away.

Glorious privilege for the poor prisoner! glorious privilege, too, for the honest friend, the sterling man, old Ben Walford, the sooty miner!

For several moments the two remained locked in the warm embrace; and then seated themselves side by side.

"God help you, Ben, my dear friend! You, alone, are a friend to me now!"

"I am a friend to you, my dear boy, and there's no man in the mines that will dare gain-say it. But then, Tom, you have other good friends—and in the mines, too; and, hark you, my boy, in your ear: say the word yourself, and they'll show it."

"I understand you, Ben," said the prisoner, after a pause; "but I cannot consent to it. It would be setting law at defiance; it would be an acknowledgment of guilt! I cannot consent."

"As you say, Tom!" replied the old man at once; but then he added, half-defiantly, "though, if you would just hint such a thing, Tom, we would tear this old jail down, stone by stone, to get you out! Another thing, Tom: that broadcloth rascal, Fairleigh Somerville, doesn't show his ugly face near the breaker of the Black Diamond! Even Mr. Hayhurst has promised him a mauling!"

"No violence, Ben, no violence, for, in the end, it would injure me. Be calm, be cool, be temperate, for I am to be tried."

"Yes, yes, Tom, but by the Eternal Pillars! you are innocent—inocent of this rascality, Tom, and we all know it!"

"Nay, nay, Ben, but it must be proved on the day of trial," said the prisoner, vehemently.

"And that lying toll-keeper, Markley," continued the old man, "came near getting a thrashing from our engineer."

"Do not blame Markley, either, Ben. I am convinced he was a friend of mine, and I believe he told the truth, to the best of his ability."

"What! Why, Tom! This is worse than not taking bail!" exclaimed the old man, with an irrepressible indignation. "You don't pretend to say that Edward Markley saw you that night, in the wagon?"

But Tom Worth did not choose to answer this question; he cast his eyes up, as if in a dream. And then, as if communing with himself, he said, slowly:

"This strange! very strange, that—"

"Infernal! I tell you, Tom, for you to talk so! I do hope you won't make old Ben Walford ashamed of you!"

Like lightning Tom Worth turned upon him.

"Trust me for that, my friend!" he exclaimed. "I will stand my trial, and mark me, I shall be acquitted! And yet, to that end, God will have to assist me! But, Ben, your time is fast passing away. I wish to say a few words to you—words of importance."

He paused.

"I am listening, Tom, and will treasure up every word," and the old man drew nearer to his friend.

"Well, Ben," began the other, in a low voice, "there is a piece of rascality afoot in this city, with which it may be that I have become entangled."

He paused.

"What mean you, Tom?" asked the old man.

"Do you know Boyd's Hill?" asked the other, in the same low tone, without heeding old Ben's question.

"Every inch of it! Why?"

"Just back of the cliff, not far from the head of Stephenson street, there is an old house, which I—"

his voice sunk so low, that old Ben had to lean over to listen; and then an animated, earnest conversation ensued between the friends.

When this consultation—we might term it—ended, old Ben sat for a moment, without speaking, and then rising to his feet, said in a deep, determined voice:

"Trust me, Tom; I will watch well. And—"

Just then, faintly and indistinctly, were heard heavy footsteps approaching—this time, as before, confused.

The footfalls paused before the cell of Tom Worth; the key grated in the lock; the bar rattled down, and the door was opened.

"Your time is up, sir," said the jailer to old Ben; "but, Tom," addressing the prisoner, "I have brought you more company."

For a moment the two miners stood, hand clasped in hand, and then old Ben, with a half-sigh, turned abruptly and left the room.

The jailer immediately closed and locked the door, and walked away.

The cell was now very gloomy, almost dark, and Tom Worth, as he turned to his new visitor, did not recognize him.

He was a tall, portly man, with a long silver-white beard, covering his face entirely. The man was clad in large, loosely-fitting garments—evidently, by their peculiar cut, of common material.

"Well, sir," said the miner, a little harshly, "what business have you with me? the hour is late."

"What business? That's good!" said the other, straightening himself up, with dignity. As he heard the voice of the visitor, the miner started as if shot through the heart.

"Mr. Harley! you here?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes, my man, I am here; but, for God's sake, do not speak so loud! I do not wish my name known. Don't you see that I am in disguise?"

"Yes, truly, I do see it!" said the miner, slowly; "and again I ask, what business have you in my cell? I am a prisoner now, sir."

"Tom Worth, I have heard your voice before; 'tis strangely familiar."

"You have heard it, sir, in your library and in the alderman's office. But speak, sir."

"Well, then, Tom, guilty or not guilty of abducting my daughter—poor child!—I am sure you know something of her whereabouts."

"Upon what do you base such an opinion, sir?" asked the other, as a frown came over his face.

"Upon what you hinted at in my library. And now, I am here with gold—a large amount—to buy your secret; to—"

"Enough, old man!" suddenly cried the miner, his tall form dilating, and towering to a greater height than ever; "enough, or you'll enrage me! You refused to hear my suspicions, they were nothing more; you mocked and insulted me when I was in the grasp of the law; you believed me guilty of this dastardly act, when, God knows, I would have died for your daughter; and now, sir, you sneak in here, under cover of night, and hidden in a disguise, afraid that you will taint your name! Come here to buy from me my secret! No, sir! I hold no secret from you or from any man, and in the court-room, when the day comes, I shall have justice! As for your gold—bah! I despise it! I am content and spit upon you for your own cringing conduct! You have my answer, and—I prefer to be alone!"

Five minutes afterward old Richard Harley, wretched, chafed, and miserable, emerged from the rear-door of the jail—slunk down into Grant street, and when just below the Cathedral, entered his carriage, there awaiting him, and was driven rapidly over the river.

## CHAPTER XX.

## DARK DEEDS.

GRACE HARLEY, with bated breath, sunk back on the sofa, as the door slowly opened. She gave a quick, covert glance thitherward, as the raw night-wind crept in; and though, at such an hour, she could expect no other, yet she started convulsively as the loathsome villain who had insured her appeared. His bearded face, the wide, drooping slouch hat, drawn over the dark brow, yet permitting the fiery eyes beneath to burn and flash out—the long coarse overcoat, concealing all shape to his person—all betokened the same unwelcome visitor—the same unprincipled scoundrel whose purpose was now fully apparent.

Grace Harley was a bold and determined girl, when driven to desperation; her danger now was that she had been driven almost beyond despair, and was likely to succumb from the very subsidence of despair.

As the man quickly entered, and closed the door behind him, he approached her. But in an instant, she sprung to her feet, thrust her hand in her bosom, causing the newspaper, nestled there, to rattle—and drew forth a keen, flashing dagger.

"Stand back, villain!" she exclaimed, raising the blade high in the air, in her nervous grip; "I have cast aside the spike since I have found this better weapon—this, perhaps an evidence of other crimes of yours—and I'll die—Stand back, I say!" and her eyes gleamed with a look of determination.

The man recoiled violently, as he saw the bright, keen blade glitter in the full blaze of the chandelier, and coward-like, his own hand sought the heavy butt of a pistol, protruding from his overcoat pocket. Advancing a stride, he half drew the weapon from his pocket. The knife, however, saved him, and he paused.

"Villain, that you are!" exclaimed the maiden, "draw your pistol and murder a defenseless woman! Death at any time is preferable to confinement here, and I doubt not you can play the role of murderer well; 'tis only a degree beyond what you already have done."

Half-frenzied, the man drew the pistol from his pocket, but, almost instantly, let it drop again. As he did so, the girl caught a glimpse of his ungloved hand, and she saw a glittering jewel flash for an instant from that hand. Grace crouched against the wall; a shudder shook her form; a deathly pallor took possession of her already wan cheek.

But the man knew not the cause of this sudden change, nor did he care for it.

"You need not be alarmed, Grace Harley!" he said, in a harsh voice; "I do not come to annoy you to-night. I am here only for a few moments on business. Besides, my sweet one, I have other and more important work on my hands. But—and he advanced toward her again—"you must be blindfolded. I wish to consult some papers here, and look into some matters which it were well you should not see. I must do it!" and he continued to advance.

"Stand back, sir!" exclaimed the girl. "I'll die before your polluted hands shall touch me!"

"Can you not believe me when I swear to you that I will not harm you? There, I cast my pistol from me!" and he tossed the weapon on the center-table behind him. "Now, let me place the bandage over your eyes."

"Never! never! so help me God!" and the girl still opposed to him a bold, unflinching front.

The man's eyes glittered fire; his hands gripped together, fiercely, and a furious oath of anger burst from his lips.

"Then, by Jove! I'll shoot you through the arm, and bind you by force, for you shall be blindfolded!"

As he spoke, he snatched the pistol, cocked it, and was about to aim.

For a moment the girl stood firm, unmoved; then, in a low, half-appealing voice:

"Not so! If you shoot me at all, let it be through the heart. I will apply the bandage to my eyes until you yourself are satisfied. Only give me your pistol that I may be safe against treachery."

The man hesitated.

"If you will swear solemnly by heaven and hell!" at length he said, coarsely, "that you will not take an undue advantage—that you will again, at the proper time, place the pistol in my hand, and that you will not remove the bandage until I am gone, I will do as you say."

Thought after thought passed like lightning through the young girl's bosom. Were she to accede to those terms, she might place herself irrevocably in the power of the villain; if she refused to accede to those conditions, he might proceed to violence—the result of which she would not trust herself, even for a moment, to contemplate.

She saw, too, by the man's manner, that, beyond a doubt he was in a hurry, and that he was, to a certain extent, telling the truth.

She concluded to accept his terms, as he had acquiesced in hers.

"It shall be as you say," she at length murmured, in a low tone; "and right or wrong I'll trust you this time."

The man seemed somewhat softened, for he replied in a more conciliatory tone:

"You shall not be deceived; but hurry, and—here is the pistol!"

As he spoke, he advanced, and placed the deadly firearm in her hands.

The girl slipped the weapon, with its cold steel barrel, into her warm, palpitating bosom, and then, without a moment's hesitation, unwound the thick shawl from her shoulders, and folding it in several plaits, covered her eyes with it effectually. Then, drawing the pistol from her bosom, she sat down composedly upon the sofa.

"'Tis all right," said the man. "Now turn your face to the north—that is to your left hand. So!" he said, as the girl obeyed him, unhesitatingly.

For several moments there was a silence in the room. Naught but the roaring wind without, sounding ominous and preternaturally clear, could be heard.

The man turned toward the further side of the room, and, as if "to make assurance doubly sure," he drew a screen between him and the girl, who sat motionless on the sofa. But he allowed the gas to stream on as ever.

He drew near a low sideboard, opened it, and took therefrom a cut-glass decanter. He waited for a tumbler or goblet, but placed the vessel to his mouth and drank deeply. Then he replaced the bottle, locked the sideboard and rose to his feet.

"Now—now!" he muttered to himself, "I am strong—and look—nay, I must look at my King of Terrors, and prove to him that I am king—not he!"

He approached the wall as before, found the concealed spring, and pressed on it.

The section of the wall sunk obediently—slowly—slowly, and then the ghastly sight came into view.

A half-cry almost burst from the man as he gazed at the glistening skeleton lying there so quietly—so awfully! Then he sought and found the other spring, and aided the wall in regaining its position as before.

Without more ado, he turned, hurled the screen to one side, and walked up to the maiden.

"Give me the pistol, Grace Harley," he said, in a low, quavering voice; "then wait until you hear the door shut. Then you are at liberty to remove the bandage."

The girl obediently held the weapon out toward him. For a moment he gazed at her sitting so motionless, so trustingly, then turning abruptly, left the room.

Grace hearing the heavy bolt of the lock slide into its socket, removed the bandage. But no unusual sight met her eye.

Ten minutes, fifteen, twenty, a half-hour passed, and Grace still sat where her strange visitor had left her. She glanced around the room to see if the man had left any trace, telling of what he had been doing.

But everything was in order; nothing was disturbed. The chairs were in their usual places, the sofa and center-table also. The pictures on the wall—Ha! the wall!

What was that ominous-looking crevice on the side opposite her? She had never noticed it before. It was a narrow seam, about half an inch in width, extending six feet across the wall, at right angles. Below and above this seam the rich velvet paper showed its cut edge. Singular!

The girl rose to her feet, and, with awe and trembling, drew near the mysterious crevice.

Grace paused as she neared the fissure, and glanced tremblingly around her. Summoning her courage, she suddenly drew a chair to the wall, mounted it, and peered into the narrow aperture. She could discover nothing, could determine nothing, save that there was a black, cavernous depth inside the place, and that there issued therefrom a foul, musty odor. The girl drew back; her limbs were tottering under her, but, resting a moment, her courage and determination returned.

She drew the dagger from her bosom, and placing it in the crevice, bore her weight, gently at first, upon it—then with more force. The wall yielded slowly—slowly—the cavernous opening enlarged. The maiden paused, and peered in; still, nothing could be discerned.

The wind roared wildly without, and belated hoarsely down the tall chimney.

The girl pressed her hand on the wall, while, with the other, she still bore down with the dagger. Suddenly, from some impulse, the section shot rapidly up into its place—there was a creaking, as of chains and pulleys. The section closed with a sharp, clicking sound, and the dagger, broken in twain by the blow, fell to the floor.

With a wild cry of terror, the maiden reeled backward, slipped from the chair, and dropped like lead upon the rich carpet of the apartment.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 318.)

## Kansas King:

## THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY)

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

UPON the rocky ledge, in front of the cabin, the moonlight streamed with almost noonday brilliancy, and lighted up a strange scene.

Lying upon the rock, and supported by Lone Dick, was the Hermit Chief, his long gray beard and hair shining like silver in the moonlight, and his broad chest heaving with every hard-drawn breath—for the Hermit had received his death wound.

Standing near was Kansas King, a blood-stain upon his forehead, from a wound made by the butt of the Irishman's pistol.

The face of the Hermit was pallid with pain and some inward emotion of bitterness.

The face of the man, whose deeds had won for him the name of Kansas King, was still unmoved and reckless.

In front of these men stood their five pursuers, Red Hand slightly in advance, and he was speaking, while his deep voice was stern and almost cruel in tone.

He was saying:

"Carter Bainbridge, you have but a short time to live, and ere your soul takes its flight, I would have you speak, if the story I am now about to relate is not true in every word."

After a moment the Hermit replied.

"Hell has certainly aided you, Vincent Vernon, in letting your hand take my life; tell all you wish to, for I care not now—no, not now—what comes Pearl."

At that moment the maiden rushed from the cabin, and beholding the strange scene and the Hermit lying wounded upon the rock, cried, "Father! my father! are you dying?"

Quickly Red Hand stepped forward, and restraining her, said:

"Maiden, this man is not your father—waste not your pity on him."

"Not my father! Oh, surely you are—"

"He tells the truth, Pearl; I am not your father. Listen and he will tell you all," and the Hermit spoke with difficulty.

"Yes, I tell the truth, as you shall all hear. Many years ago, in a New England State, I was living with my widowed mother, my father, a naval officer, having died when I was a mere lad."

"My mother had wealth, and being youthful and handsome, had many admirers."

"When I was fifteen years of age I first saw this man—Carter Bainbridge—known to you all as the Hermit of the Black Hills."

"This man became, as I believed, the husband of my mother, who loved him dearly, and so did I; but, alas, his was a black heart, for already had he a wife living in a Southern State—the mother of a son whom this man brought to our house after his marriage with my mother, and passed off as his nephew."

"From the day of that son's arrival there began a plot for my mother's and my wealth, for the pretended nephew was as bad as his professed uncle."

"At length I entered the navy as a midshipman, and after an absence of three years returned to find my mother dead."

"Then I suspected no evil, but after investigation proved that this man had cruelly taken my mother's life."

"Again I went to sea, and I left this man and his son at my house, as I believed; but the son, as a common seaman, shipped on my vessel, and as I was pacing the deck one night in a hard blow, I was thrown overboard by a sailor who approached me unawares."

"The vessel went on, for none had seen the act, and I would have been lost had not a

schooner picked me up not twenty minutes after I was hurled into the sea."

"Returning home again I found the father and son, whose fright at my appearance I took for surprise and joy, for all believed me lost, and the man who had thrown me into the sea had left the vessel at the first port and returned to report his success."

"Dwelling in the same town where was my home, was a physician and his daughter, an only child."

"That maiden I loved with my whole heart, and ere I again went to sea she became my wife."

"And yet with perfect trust I left her at home with my supposed stepfather and his son, while her father, the doctor, accompanied me to sea as my guest, for his health was in a precarious condition, and he believed a sea voyage would benefit him."

"When in Spain, a year after my marriage, word came from my wife of the birth of a little daughter, and my father-in-law, who was still with me, urged that I should resign and return home."

"I followed his advice, and together we were to sail for London, and yet the night before we sailed from Spain, when my father-in-law and myself were returning to the hotel late in the evening, an assassin sprung from a dark corner and struck him to the heart with a knife."

"Strange to say I was arrested as his murderer, and sent to America for trial, for he was a man of vast wealth, and my wife was his only heir."

"For nearly two years I lay in prison, and then was acquitted, for no proof could be found against me."

"And yet, in all that time my wife did not come near me, nor did my step-father or his son."

"At last I left my cell, and returned to my home, to find I had no home, no wife, no child."

"This man, Carter Bainbridge, had sold my whole property that he could lay hands on, and my wife had gone off with the son, whose name was Boyd Bernard."

"My child, I was told, was dead, and I believed it, especially when I received a letter from my misguided wife, bidding me farewell, and telling me that she intended to die by her own hand."

"Considerable property, left me by an aunt, I still had, and with money at my disposal, I started to hunt down Carter Bainbridge and Boyd Bernard."

"It was a long and tedious work, but I tracked this old man, step by step, for a long time, and discovered much of his evil life—ay, I discovered that he had deceived another woman who believed she became his wife, and was then cast off by him, after he had robbed her of her wealth, and left her and her boy to starve."

"That woman was the mother of the man now known as Kansas King."

"With breathless suspense had all listened to the story of Red Hand, and yet none were prepared for the sudden and startling assertion he made regarding the parentage of the outlaw chief."

"As for Kansas King he stood amazed and silent—for a moment—and then said, bitterly: 'Scout, I feel that you speak the truth; tell me, old man, am I your son?'"

"Is your right name Leo Randolph?" faintly asked the hermit.

"So men called me; but if my parentage was dishonorable, I hold no claim to any name."

"You are then my son."

"Good God! Well, if I am hung by Captain I suppose, my fate will be the proper thing, and yet I prefer hanging to acknowledging you as my father, and the outlaw spoke with terrible bitterness in his tone."

Then Red Hand continued in the same deep tones:

"At length I tracked this man to his home, and—I believed I killed him, for I drove my knife deep into his side, and it was the first time my hand was stained with blood, though from my birth I have borne, this mark which has given me my name upon the frontier," and Red Hand held up his hand so that the moonlight revealed its crimson hue.

Again he went on:

"But I was only half avenged, for Boyd Bernard still lived."

"What destiny ever led my footsteps into these hills, God only knows; but here, five years ago, I met Boyd Bernard—and killed him."

"Hail, tell me, Vincent Vernon, tell me—is the grave in the Haunted Valley that of my son?" said the old hermit, eagerly.

"It is; I killed him, and for the sake of the happy days we had passed together in boyhood, I buried him and carved his name upon a tree at the head of his grave."

"I knew of the grave, but never saw it—never knew that Boyd lay buried there, for I thought he had gone East with Grace," muttered the old hermit.

"Tell me, Carter Bainbridge," continued the Scout, "did Boyd Bernard come here with you?"

"Yes; I fled here in fear of my life, for I have been a great sinner, and Boyd and Grace came with me; but we had a quarrel and they left, as I believed to go East, and—"

"And they settled in the Haunted Valley; and there they lived until I killed Boyd Bernard, and yet poor Grace still remained alone, to watch his grave, until last night she fell by her own hand, as this scout knows."

"Ay, fell by her own hand, and we two buried her there in the valley."

"Then I sought the cabin where they lived, and the papers I found there told me all; yes, that Boyd Bernard had slain the father of my wife and then placed the crime at my door to have me hung, and that, believing the story told her, Grace had fled, a guilty thing, from my love; but I have forgiven her all."

"Ay, more did I learn, and that is that this maiden here—who has heard every word of my story, is my own daughter."

"Pearl, will you come to your father's heart?" Words cannot portray the tenderness with which Red Hand spoke, and, comprehending the whole plot of crime against him, and feeling that he was indeed her father, the maiden sprung forward and nestled close in the arms of the man whose life had known so much of misery.

Not a word, not a motion marred the silent joy of that moment for those two, father and daughter, so cruelly divided through life, until at length Red-Hand turned once more to the old hermit, and said:

"Carter Bainbridge, I can now, in my joy, even forgive you."

No word of reply came, the eyes gazed straight at the moon with a fixed stare, and the voice of Lone Dick said, quietly:

"He's gone to another trapping-ground, comrades."

Instantly Paddy stepped forward, and feeling the lifeless pulse, said aloud:

"Thru for you, Mister Lone Dick, he's off for Purgatory, and no mistake; and ay he wasn't such an old sinner we'd be after havin' a wake over his bones."

"He's not worth it, Irish; wait until I am hung, and then have a fandango over me," bitterly laughed the outcast son, Kansas King.

"Silence! let no man dishonor the dead," rung out sternly the deep voice of Red-Hand, as he turned and led poor Pearl into the cabin, to prepare for the return to the stronghold of the miners.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## CONCLUSION.

In the shadow of the hill that sheltered his cabin, Carter Bainbridge, the hermit of the Black Hills, found his last earthly hermitage—the grave.

Standing by, watching the burial of the hermit, was Pearl, leaning upon the arm of her father, and so intent were Tom Sun, Lone Dick and Paddy in digging the grave, and Edwin Archer in gazing upon the beautiful face and form of Pearl Vernon, that no one noticed the prisoner, Kansas King, quietly steal away, until, when all was over and the party ready to go, they missed him.

Search and pursuit were then useless, and mounting their steeds, awaiting them in the gorge, the party started for the miners' stronghold, where they arrived just at sunrise, and were greeted with wild hurrahs from all.

Tom Sun then accompanied Red-Hand and his daughter to the haunted valley, and while he went on to tell the glad tidings of victory to the anxious party in the secret retreat, the husband and the daughter halted at the grave of poor Grace, and guilty though she was, they sorrowed for her most deeply.

During the day the whole party of miners and settlers were gathered together at the stronghold, and most warmly was Pearl welcomed by Ruth Ramsey and all, when they heard the strange story of her eventful life, and hearty congratulations were bestowed upon Red-Hand in honor of his new-found happiness.

Toward evening Major Wells arrived with his squadron, and then it was made known to the invaders of the Black Hills that the country belonged wholly to the Indians, and that they must depart therefrom at once, and leave the red-skins in possession.

The greater part of the two bands were most willing to acquiesce, and the following day the entire party, accompanied by the cavalry, left the inhospitable, but beautiful land, and took up their march for the boundary of civilization.

During the march, Edwin Archer and Pearl Vernon were often together, and so also were Red-Hand, now known as Vincent Vernon, and Ruth Ramsey, and the result of this intimacy was that, shortly after their arrival at North Platte, there was an engagement entered into between each couple, to be



## THE STORY OF MOLL PITCHER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

During the famous Revolution  
A woman did such execution  
At Monmouth, fighting the Britishers,  
That a never-dying name is hers.

A cannoner was her husband then  
When he was killed in the fray,  
But she wouldn't give up the cannon either;  
The cannon near her stood all day,  
And loaded it up and fired away.  
But worse than all the balls she sent  
Was the way that she for the Britishers went  
With her tongue, to their consternation;  
It was two-edged, and very keen,  
Being re-sharpened for this terrible scene,  
And 'twas very plain that she was a queen  
In the art of conversation.

Above the din her voice was heard,  
And the cannon didn't drown a word;  
She raved then by file and platoon,  
By section and by division,  
And her words like shells among them exploded  
With heavy abuse and Greek fire loaded,  
Which the British harrowed and goaded—  
And she'd plenty of ammunition.  
It rattled around the heads and ears  
Of even the bravest grenadiers,  
It took them there upon every side  
Till they couldn't endure the volley.  
"Storm that woman!" the general cried,  
Their blankets over their ears they tied  
And charged, but ah, it was folly!  
Her mouth they said was a mitrailleuse  
And the terrible storm of rified abuse  
About their ranks was beating  
Her strong words cracked them over the head  
In such a way their noses bled;  
They halted at once, "We'll be killed," they  
said,  
And so set in to retreating.

Then the general called a council of war,  
And said, "I've traveled both near and far  
And fought in many a battle,  
But I never saw such a fury-laden  
And men of iron could never have staid  
To face such a terrible rattle.  
I'll put it down in the rules of war  
That such a thing is unhuman,  
And I'll tell you this—I'd rather die  
In open battle than again to try  
To spike the mouth of a woman."

And so they went away no richer  
By the efforts they made to break that Pitcher.

## Disenchanted.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Broken your engagement?"  
Madge Amory echoed the words with such  
genuine surprise that Edith smiled amusedly—  
fair, stately Edith Grosvenor, with her lily face  
lighted by such grand black eyes, soft as  
velvet.

"Broken my engagement, Madge; and I can  
assure you Dr. Belmont is just as well satisfied  
as I am."

Madge flung a navy blue velvet band im-  
patiently on the dressing-case, her cheeks flushing,  
her blue eyes looking unutterable reproach and  
vexation.

"I do declare, Edith, I've no patience with  
you! What on earth could have possessed you  
to throw Leslie Belmont over—such a perfectly  
splendid fellow as he is, and the handsomest  
man in the world, I do believe, and such a  
grand reputation as he is gaining in his profes-  
sion, and the fortune he is sure to make, and  
the way he worships you, you heartless flirt!"

Madge's mingled indignation at Miss Grose-  
venor's course of action, and her ardent uphold-  
ing of Dr. Belmont's flag, were certainly very  
graceful and pretty; and Edith parted her  
handsome, haughty lips in an indulgent smile.

"Child, I am not to blame, for all I broke the  
engagement. Dr. Belmont is entirely to  
blame; he insisted on my giving up my pet  
views and opinions on certain subjects. You  
know what I think about women's rights, dear;  
and of course I told my handsome doctor that  
neither he nor any other man need expect to  
obtain such absolute control over me that my  
most cherished opinions should yield to him  
and his opinions. Of course, a rupture nat-  
urally followed an animated discussion, and—  
the rest, *vous savez*."

Edith's countenance was as calm as a summer  
sky; but Madge—Madge buzzed like an en-  
raged fire-fly.

"Yes, I do know the rest. Disgraceful as it  
is, I think you are the most egregious—well,  
the most foolish girl it ever has been my luck  
to come across, Edie." And the bright blue  
eyes came to a sudden prolonged stare on Miss  
Grosvenor's statuesque face.

"Edie, do you know what I believe? I  
solemnly believe Horace Aymer is at the bot-  
tom of this."

A swift scarlet tinge fled over Miss Grose-  
venor's face, like a rosy sunrise shadow over a  
snowy landscape.

"Yes! Why do you think so?"  
She asked it very quietly.

"Because Mr. Aymer and you are in such  
sympathy on this nasty suffrage question—be-  
cause Mr. Aymer is just as jealous of Dr. Bel-  
mont as he knows how to be—because you are  
an heiress, and your fortune of a hundred  
thousand dollars would not come amiss to him  
—because—"

Miss Grosvenor lifted a jeweled forefinger  
imperiously.

"No more, please, Madge. Mr. Aymer is,  
as you say, in sympathy with me. More, Mr.  
Aymer is, in my estimation, a gentleman who  
despises fortune-hunting; and more than all,  
last night I accepted Mr. Aymer as my be-  
trothed husband."

Her nostrils were dilating like those of a  
thorough-bred, and she held her head up with  
the defiant grace of a stag. And Madge—  
Madge collapsed pitifully.

"Oh, Edith Grosvenor! Is it possible?  
What will Dr. Belmont think when he hears?"  
Edith picked up her silver-backed hand-mir-  
ror, and examined her pretty arching brows  
critically.

"What Dr. Belmont thinks has ceased to be a  
matter of interest to me. Madge, stay to lun-  
cheon, like a good child, and we'll have a drive  
afterward."

Mr. Horace Aymer sat in his room at the  
Albermarle Hotel, looking down at the surging  
crowds that were passing up and down Broad-  
way, and occasionally turning toward a spec-  
tacular young man who was quietly reading an  
afternoon edition of the news.

Suddenly Aymer sprang from his chair.

"Carlie, that is she—that Miss Grosvenor,  
on the other side—the lady in black velvet and  
silk. Isn't she magnificent?"

His face was not as enthusiastic in expres-  
sion as his words, and Mr. Carlie looked half  
sarcastically over his paper.

"Really it is too much trouble to move, Ay-  
mer, or I would be happy to endorse your esti-  
mate of your betrothed. I dare say you are in  
duty bound to call her magnificent, seeing that  
she has been fond—and foolish—enough to be-  
queath her fortune unqualifiedly to you, as a  
proof, you say, of her implicit confidence in  
you."

Aymer stroked his dark, curling beard.

"Miss Grosvenor is a remarkably sensible  
young lady, Carlie, for all I must confess, con-  
fidentially, I can't approve of her taste in turn-

ing the cold shoulder to Belmont. Miss Grose-  
venor is a Godsend to me, as unexpected as  
necessary, for, as I can tell you, old boy, I had  
not the remotest idea she'd have me."

Carlie folded his paper lazily.

"And I dare say, as usual, your exchequer  
needs replenishing, and your wife's money will  
do it. Only, Aymer, it strikes me that a wo-  
man so generous and trusting as Miss Grose-  
venor has shown herself deserves, at least, some  
return of affection from you. And I know  
you do not love her, or any one, but that little  
blue-eyed angel who is even poorer than  
yourself."

Aymer frowned and flushed.

"Never mention Etta Emerson's name to  
me, Carlie, unless you want to see me com-  
mit suicide. It is the one task of my life to  
try to forget her. Forget her! as if her blue  
eyes will not be forever looking into mine!"

"Pleasant for Miss Grosvenor, that."

Carlie stretched himself with lazy grace,  
not taking notice of the pallor Aymer could  
not banish from his face.

Then came a rap on the door, and a hotel  
messenger handed a note to Aymer, who opened  
it, half apprehensively.

"There is no answer."

He gave the fellow a quarter, then sat down  
in a chair beside the table.

"From Edith. A telegram was handed her  
a moment after she passed here, bidding her go  
at once to Adina, where a friend is dying.  
She bids me adieu for a few days."

His eyes were shining as lovers' eyes never  
shine at the prospect of a separation from their  
sweethearts. Carlie laughed.

"Old fellow, as if I can't read you like a  
book! You are going to enjoy Miss Grosvenor's  
absence with little blue-eyed Etta—to forget  
whom is the Herculean task of your life.  
Aymer, you're a rogue."

"Granted—but only for a few days, remem-  
ber."

"Annette!"

Miss Grosvenor's voice was low, and very  
sweet, for all the undertone of physical pain in  
the one name she called, that was answered in  
a flash by the trim maid who appeared from a  
distant window.

"The bathing, Annette. And tell me what  
time it is. I feel ever so much better to-day.  
Don't I look as if I would be able to be around  
in a day or so?"

Annette was deftly bathing a big ugly bruise  
on Miss Grosvenor's white forehead.

"You look a hundredfold better, Miss Edith.  
No one would believe to see you to-day that  
you were picked up for dead the day of the col-  
lision—actually left to yourself, because those  
wonderful smart doctors said the living needed  
care. It makes my blood curdle when I think  
of it."

A slight nervous tremor made Edith shiver;  
then she smiled.

"There is no use thinking of it. It seems  
strange to me when I try to imagine how de-  
lighted they will be at home when I return,  
safe and sound, after the telegram you sent  
them, saying I was killed."

The tears were hanging like dew-drops on  
Edith's long lashes. She was thinking of Hor-  
ace Aymer—and their meeting; picturing his  
keen, rapturous delight; and—away down in  
the very depths of her woman's heart, wonder-  
ing how Dr. Belmont took the dreadful news.

Then, some one summoned Annette from the  
hotel office; and ten minutes later, she came  
rushing back, beaming with delight.

"Miss Edith—Miss Edith! what do you  
think? If Dr. Belmont hasn't come all the way  
from New York, expecting to have the mourn-  
ful satisfaction of escorting your remains home  
—and—he's that pale and trembly since he's  
heard you're alive that he can hardly stand. Do  
let him come up—do, Miss Edith—more shame  
to Mr. Aymer that he didn't come."

Edith flushed hotly.

"Annette—be careful! You may show Dr.  
Belmont up. His professional knowledge will  
be of service, at least."

And, grave, paler than the woman among the  
pillows of the lounge, Leslie Belmont bowed  
over the one love of his life—but made no sign;  
then, nor in the after days, when, by short,  
easy stages the home journey was performed;  
when his skillful, tender care made strange  
breaks in Edith's calm peace; when his  
grave, handsome face was a study to her that  
never failed to disturb her.

It was just dusk when the coach rolled up to  
the door of Edith's home, where lights brightly  
gleaming in the drawing-room windows seemed  
to make a welcome for her.

"I know what it means," she said, turning  
her eyes to Dr. Belmont's face. "I can see  
through the window—Horace is there—"

She turned the latch-key softly, motioning Leslie  
to follow her; and sidling by side they crossed  
the velvet-carpeted hall to the parlors, where sounds  
of voices came suddenly to their ears—Mr.  
Aymer's first.

"I tell you there is not the slightest use of  
prating to me about the looks of it, Mr. Ash-  
ley. You are the lawyer who drew up Miss  
Grosvenor's will, and you know she left every-  
thing, most unqualifiedly, to me. I choose to  
take possession at once, and that's the end of  
it."

Edith's fingers suddenly tightened on Dr.  
Belmont's wrist—a touch that thrilled him  
through and through.

"But such haste is indecent, Mr. Aymer—  
outrageously indecent. Without a doubt you are  
owner of this mansion and all it contains, and  
the remainder of Miss Grosvenor's estate—but,  
in the name of humanity and decency, for the  
sake of the lady you loved—"

"Edith! Mr. Aymer's loud, interpreted the earnest appeal  
of the old family lawyer.

"Come! now, Ashley, that's rich! An old  
fellow like you prating of love. Do you really  
suppose for a moment I cared for Edith Grose-  
venor? No, sir! It was her money—and I've  
got it, safe and sound, without any encum-  
brance. Ashley, transfer the bonds and stocks  
to my name, and give me whatever loose cash  
there is in the bank. I'm going to furnish  
afresh at once—consulting Miss Emerson's  
taste; and in less than a month you'll see the  
happiest married folks you ever came across."

His gay, bantering tone was peculiarly re-  
pellant, under the circumstances, and Edith  
drew her figure proudly up in wrath and dis-  
gust. Then, with a little sudden moan, she  
dropped her hold of Leslie's hand.

"Dr. Belmont! how you must pity and de-  
spise me!" Her complaint was hardly off her  
lips when he had caught her hands in his.

"Edith! It is only love—great, undying  
love I feel! Edith! can you let all the miser-  
able past three months pass—and let me begin  
where I left off that blessed September night?  
Edith, tell me you love me!"

One second of pride battling with the true  
love that had only been sleeping; and Edith  
lifted her lips to his.

"Leslie! oh, thank God for this! Leslie! my  
own, own darling!"

And then she threw open the drawing-room  
door, radiant, flushed, smiling.

"I am too sorry to interfere in all your de-

lightful little plans, Mr. Aymer, but, really, I  
am obliged to Mr. Ashley! dear, dear old  
friend—tell me how glad you are it was all a  
hideous mistake about my being killed." Then,  
turning to Aymer again, who stood like a petri-  
fied corpse, she bestowed one of her most be-  
witching smiles on him. "I mean a fortunate  
mistake. Leslie, will you ring for Jonas to  
show Mr. Aymer out! Mr. Ashley, you shall  
remain for dinner and a pleasant evening, for I  
want you and my future husband to arrange  
several matters for me to-night. Jonas—the  
door! don't be terrified; it is really I—Mr.  
Aymer, I wish you a very good evening!"

And with a sweeping bow, the very quin-  
tessence of mockingly elaborate courtesy, she  
dismissed the speechless, crestfallen man from  
her house, from her life forever.

## A Persecuted Man.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

"It's a widow," groaned Mr. Bumble—Tim-  
othy Bumble, bachelor, from Spadunk; evi-  
dently Mr. Bumble hadn't any special love for  
widows. "Here am I—an unsuspecting, inno-  
cent man, invited to come down visiting my  
brother John, and like a fool, I came down.  
Hardly do I step foot inside the door before I'm  
told that there's some one else coming—a widow  
—Belinda's dearest friend—and such a nice  
woman, and I see through it all in a minute.  
It's a plot! They've got me down here for her  
to marry!"

Mr. Bumble broke out in a cold sweat at the  
idea.

"And now she's here," went on Mr. Bumble,  
shaking his fist at something in the corner—an  
imaginary widow, perhaps. "She's here, and  
I'll be persecuted and pestered from morning  
till night. She knows, of course, that John  
and his wife are willing to help her along in  
her wickedness. I wish—Mr. Bumble began  
to wax eloquent in his earnestness—"I wish  
there was a law abolishing widows."

John came in pretty soon. "Are you  
ready?" he asked.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered his brother.  
"But I tell you what it is, John, I won't marry  
her!"

"Maybe she wouldn't have you," laughed  
John.

"You can't cram that down my throat," ex-  
claimed Mr. Bumble, explosively. He followed  
his brother down like a lamb led to the sacri-  
fice. He remembered afterward of seeing  
something in the shape of a woman rise up  
as they entered the parlor, and hearing John say  
something. Then the shape swooped down  
upon him like a hawk upon a dove, and for ten  
minutes thereafter all was blank to him.

When he regained his scattered senses—it al-  
ways affected him in this way to be introduced  
to women, especially widows—he found him-  
self sitting before her with meekly folded  
hands, while she was talking away at a fearful  
rate. She was strong-minded, he discovered,  
with a cold shiver of foreboding. Nothing  
cooler or dorkier about her.

"I do think," vociferated Mrs. Blake, laying  
her hand on Mr. Bumble's knee, by way of em-  
phasis—"I do think that you poor women  
have rights that you men are bound to respect.  
Don't you?" Mrs. Blake turned her eagle eyes  
full on Mr. Bumble, as if defying and daring  
him to deny it.

"Undoubtedly," admitted Mr. Bumble, faint-  
ly.

"Yes, undoubtedly," repeated Mrs. Blake.  
"You show good sense in making that admis-  
sion, and I like you for it."

Mr. Bumble regretted that he had made it.  
"Dear!" exclaimed the poor man that night.  
"I'm afraid she'll get me cornered up and mar-  
ry me yet."

His sleep was haunted with widows. One  
leaned from the headboard to pull his hair, and  
one shook her fist at him from the footboard,  
while one leaned over the bed and requested  
him to kiss her. Not another wink of sleep did  
he get that night.

"Oh, Mr. Bumble," cried the widow at break-  
fast, "there's a lovely view from the hill, Bel-  
inda says. I want you to come and show it  
to me."

"I'm in for it, I'm afraid," he groaned.  
"She'll propose before we get back. She be-  
lieves in rights. Maybe proposing is one of  
'em. If she should propose, I know I wouldn't  
dare to say no."

Oh, that walk! Every hour was a week long.  
His courage began to revive as the distance be-  
tween him and the house grew less.

Suddenly Mrs. Blake got frightened at a  
cow.

"She won't hurt you," averred Mr. Bumble.  
"She'll boss, shoot!"

The animal didn't shoot but came nearer.

"Oh," shrieked Mrs. Blake, flinging her arms  
about the poor, unprotected man. "Save me."

"You old brute!" Let us hope, for the sake  
of the bachelor's gallantry, that he referred to  
the cow and not the widow. "You old brute!"  
glanced off with you," and he succeeded in put-  
ting the cow to rout.

"How shall I repay you?" sobbed the widow.  
"My lifelong gratitude is yours."

"Don't!" said the bachelor, evidently greatly  
touched. "Tain't worth speaking of. You're  
welcome."

"I feel faint; I'll have to lean on you," sighed  
the widow, and he had to help her home. He  
expected she'd try to faint and fall into his  
arms every minute, but he hurried her over the  
ground at such a rapid rate that she hadn't  
time to.

"I'm getting desperate," he thought, as he  
reviewed the events of the day; "a widow'll  
bring things to a crisis in no time."

The next night there was a party. Mr. Bum-  
ble had to see the widow home. But it wasn't  
because he wanted to. He tried hard enough  
to shirk the duty, and was detected by his  
brother sneaking off round the corner and  
brought back to the widow.

"It reminds me of a night when Mr. Blake  
walked home with me before we were mar-  
ried," said the widow, and gave signs of being  
about to dissolve in tears. Mr. Bumble could  
stand anything but that.

"I'd like to have you come up to Spadunk,"  
he burst out, at a loss what to say, and so say-  
ing the first thing that popped into his head.

"Would you?" said the widow, clinging  
closer than a brother. "I would like to come  
up and see you. I might stay for life."

There! I've put my foot in it this time,"  
thought the poor man. "It's coming!"

"Dear me, what have I said?" cried the wi-  
dow. "I'm so impulsive. What can you  
think of me?"

Mr. Bumble tried to say something, but the  
words stuck in his throat and produced a rum-  
ble like distant thunder.

"You wish I would? Was that what you  
said?" asked the widow. "Dear me!"

"I—I didn't say so!" responded the bache-  
lor, despairingly. "You misunderstood me,  
ma'am."

He tried to shake her off at the parlor-door,  
but she wouldn't budge.

when they got home, but she coaxed him in  
while he was cursing himself for letting her do  
it; and there he sat and suffered for three mor-  
tal hours. More than once he thought the aw-  
ful moment had come, but something—Provi-  
dence, he called it—helped to avert the fate  
which must have been his if she had spoken,  
and he congratulated himself when he reached  
his chamber that he was spared to freedom yet  
a little longer.

He went to bed and dreamed. He thought  
Mrs. Blake came and informed him that she  
was going to marry him at half-past ten to-  
morrow. He woke in a clammy perspiration.  
It was terribly real. Then he dreamed that he  
ran away to avoid her, but she followed him,  
and put her arms about his neck and hugged  
him, saying: "Oh, you foolish man! To think  
you could get away from a widow when she'd  
made up her mind to marry you!" and then she  
fell to kissing him.

He got up and dressed himself.

"I won't stay under this roof another night,"  
he declared. "It ain't safe."

Ten minutes after some one knocked at  
John's door.

"I'm going home," exclaimed Mr. Bumble.  
"Train goes in fifteen minutes. Good-by."

"But, Timothy—"

"Tain't no use! I wouldn't stay for any-  
thing. I'm going," and he was off.

"You look all beat out," declared his old  
housekeeper on his arrival at home.

"I be," said he. "I tell you what 'tis, Bet-  
sey, I ain't going away from home again till I  
know it's safe. I've been persecuted! If any  
women come here tell 'em I'm dead, or gone  
West, or got the small-pox, but don't you let  
'em in."

Mr. Bumble confidently expected the widow  
would follow him. But she didn't. He hasn't  
been out of Spadunk since that time. He  
doesn't think it safe to do so.

## THE WOODLAND GRAVE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

It lies beneath a bed of moss  
And deep blue violets run across,  
If pale-face there, or Indian brave  
Rest 'neath the fretted architrave,  
In what is called the lonely grave,  
We know not; and we only know  
A life, by death's harsh overthrow,  
Now lives above, that lived below.

## Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

The first month of the Centennial year cam-  
paign has ended, and the opening contests have  
been model exhibitions of the beauties of the Na-  
tional Game, as a general thing poorly played  
games having been the exception. The four lead-  
ing clubs of the League Association out west, have  
encountered each other, and out of the fight  
Chicago and Cincinnati have appeared with fly-  
ing colors, the former clutching the laurels. In  
the east here the Mutuals and Hartford have  
stepped in the van, the new Boston team fall-  
ing below the anticipated mark as the appended  
record up to May 1st shows. The east and  
west will not meet to play together until June,  
except so far as one club is concerned, the New  
Haven taking a trip west on May 15th.

The April record of League pennant con-  
tests includes the appended model games, viz.:  
games won by nine runs and less. We give  
them in the order of the smallest score:

April 25, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at Cincinnati, 2-1  
" 26, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston (10 in.), 3-2  
" 27, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 4-0  
" 28, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at Cincinnati, 5-2  
" 29, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 6-2  
" 30, Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia, 6-5  
" 31, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn, 6-5  
" 1, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn, 8-3

The averages of the League pennant series  
for April is 7 and 5 over for the winning nines,  
and 2 and 7 over for the losing. This is the  
best opening month's average on record.

The regular record, showing how the clubs  
stand, in won and lost games with each other,  
is as follows:

Clubs.	Athletic	Boston	Chicago	Cincinnati	Hartford	Louisville	Mutual	St. Louis	Games won.
Athletic	—	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Boston	1	—	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Chicago	0	0	—	1	0	0	0	0	3
Cincinnati	0	0	1	—	0	0	0	0	2
Hartford	0	0	0	0	—	0	0	0	1
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	—	0	0	0
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0	1
St. Louis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	1
Games lost.	1	2	0	1	1	1	1	2	11

All but the Chicago nine have lost single  
games up to the close of April.

The other League club contests—all marked  
by double figures—are as follows:

April 24, Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia, 30-3  
" 27, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 10-0  
" 29, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati, 11-5

On May 1st the following games were played,  
but one of which was a League pennant con-  
test.

May 1, Hartford vs. Boston, at Hartford, 15-8  
" 1, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Phila., 11-9  
" 1, New Haven vs. New Haven, at Brooklyn, 8-2

On the 2d of May the following games took  
place:

May 2, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Cincinnati, 15-9  
" 2, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn, 8-2

Outside the League pennant contest, includ-  
ing the latter, however, the April record of  
games in which professional nines took part,  
shows the appended list of "model contests,"  
namely, games won by nine runs and less:

MODEL GAMES IN APRIL.

April 25, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at Cincinnati, 2-1  
" 26, St. Louis vs. Stocks, at St. Louis, 3-1  
" 27, Hartford vs. Lowell, at Lowell, 3-1  
" 29, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston (10 in.), 3-2  
" 30, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 4-0  
" 31, St. Louis vs. Red Stock, at St. Louis, 4-0  
" 1, Boston vs. New Haven, at New Haven, 4-1  
" 1, Klein vs. Philadelphia, at Phila., 4-2  
" 1, Louisville vs. Amateur, at Louisville (10 in.), 4-3  
" 1, Hartford vs. Yale, at Hartford, 5-1  
" 1, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at Cincinnati, 5-2  
" 1, Congdon vs. Excelsior, at Phila., 5-2  
" 1, St. Louis vs. Red Stock, at St. Louis, 5-3  
" 1, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Phila., 6-5  
" 1, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 6-2  
" 1, Phila. vs. Quickstep, at Wilmington, 6-2  
" 1, New Haven vs. Live Oak, at Lynn, 6-2  
" 1, Boston vs. Hartford, at Boston, 6-5  
" 1, Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia, 6-5  
" 1, Quickstep vs. Brandywine, at Wil., 7-0  
" 1, Alleghany vs. Zanthie, Alleghany City, 7-1  
" 1, Cincinnati vs. Star, at Covington, 7-4  
" 1, Charter Oak vs. Mutual, Hartford (10 in.), 7-5  
" 1, Boston vs. New Haven, at New London, 7-6  
" 1,